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THE LLANERCH COLLIERY EXPLOSION, AT ABERSYCHAN, MONMOUTHSHIRE: BRINGING HOME THE DEAD.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

An ecclesiastical writer, disclaiming an imputation of plagiarism, exclaims, "May my candle go out with a stink when I refuse to confess from whom I've lighted it!" This is strong, even for a controversial divine; but what makes one much more indignant than a charge of borrowing other people's ideas is to find one's own ideas attributed to somebody else. "A dream of fiction" is said to be realised in the new submarine boat *Le Goubet*, "the construction of which has been taken from a novel by Jules Verne." Perhaps it has, but he took it from an old English author first, who, though not a naval novelist, seems to have dealt with submarine topics. "The *Belladonna*," he says, "was under water to begin with. Let me be distinctly understood in this matter, for what I would avoid above everything is the charge of exaggeration. . . . We lived in a sort of vivarium, with an *aquarium* outside it, and just as — when we visited the Zoological Gardens — we were wont to stare at the jack and perch, so now did pike and perch, or their marine equivalents, come to stare at us, and wonder how *we* liked it." The mode of "going under" was almost exactly similar to Mr. Goubet's invention; but a poor author never thinks of patents.

Dead *Cæsar*, turned to clay, is thought to have been subjected to ignoble usage when employed to keep the wind away; but if, in the absence of a Japanese screen, it shields the delicate limbs of attiring beauty from the wintry draught, there is nothing unworthy in such an office, and at all events the imperial remains might be put to much baser uses. For example, there is that agricultural operation which, save in name, has nothing to do with the graces of the toilette, known as top-dressing. The humiliation of an involuntary competition with coprolites might have happened to the bones of Julius or Augustus. It *has* happened, within these ten days, to the relics of a race far more ancient, and which were at one time the objects of worship. From a subterranean cemetery recently discovered near Cairo no less than 180,000 cats, "separately embalmed and dressed in cloth," have been consigned to a Liverpool house for the purpose of manuring the soil of Lancashire. A cat or two have been liberally assigned to the local museum, the curator of which has fixed the date of their interment at 2000 B.C. Nothing, we are told, is as likely to happen as the unexpected; but, except on that ground, such a vicissitude would hardly have been thought possible by those who, with pious hand, 3890 years ago (exactly), placed these sacred animals in their catacomb. In those times it would have been blasphemous to speak of price in connection with them, as though they had been mere hares or rabbits, but the whole of them were purchased the other day by an enterprising British firm in Cairo at £3 13s. 9d. per ton! The Trade may follow the Flag, but it is certainly not accompanied by a reverence for antiquity.

An eminent engineer has been so good as to give us directions how to stave off the cholera. It is probable that the doctors will disapprove of them: they have as marked a dislike to amateur prescriptions as the clergy have to lay sermons. On the other hand, they can scarcely fail to be satisfied with the advice of this man of science when the cholera becomes imminent. "Then," he says, "you must drink weak tea, and use plenty of limewash. If you feel unwell after that, send for the doctor." If you don't feel unwell "after that," you must surely be a Hercules. One has heard of tea and "wash" as weakening even to the strongest systems, but tea and limewash must be much more exhausting. It has not yet come under the notice of medical science as regards contagion that the apprehension of a popular ailment always causes an epidemic among newspaper correspondents.

The opponents of competitive examinations are wont to affirm that, in addition to their shortcomings in other subjects, those who fail in them are not one whit benefited by their labours, or qualified for any other position save that they have missed in life. The time they have spent in cram is useless, for what they have learned will never earn them a penny. This does not appear, however, to be the case in Paris. "A well-dressed, intelligent youth," the *New York Herald* tells us, "haunts the cafés on the boulevards, and, singling out such persons as seem likely to answer, inquires, 'Will Monsieur be good enough to ask me any question relating to the history of France from the time of Pharamond to Napoleon III.? I can tell Monsieur the day, and even the hour, of birth, marriage, or death of any historical personage.'" Questions are sometimes put, which the youth answers correctly, whereupon a small fee is given him, or, what more often happens, the person addressed knows nothing about Pharamond, and pays his franc to conceal his ignorance. It is obvious that this young person is some victim of the "cramming" system, who, having failed in his "exam.," has hit upon this ingenious method of utilising such information as he has acquired. The example, no doubt, will be followed in London, and intelligent-looking persons, when they leave their clubs, will be accosted in a similar manner, "Will you, Sir, be good enough to ask me any question, etc.?" The practice, no doubt, will have its drawbacks; but it cannot be more disagreeable than the habit some people have in clubs (and elsewhere) of telling you about Pharamond and Napoleon III., without your putting any question to them at all. The deplorable practice of improving one's own mind is bad enough, and results, in nine cases out of ten, in educating us beyond our wits; but the morbid desire for inoculating other people with the information thus laboriously acquired (though it is natural enough we should want to get rid of it) is still more to be deprecated.

The legacy by a late Judge of £2500 to his senior clerk, and £100 a year for life to his junior, shows something more than a kind heart in the testator. It is strange, in the case of even very rich persons, how the claims of their inferiors, who

may nevertheless have made life more easy for them than their own belongings, are ignored. Their only thought seems to be the making richer those who have no need of money, when a mere handful of their heaped-up wealth would ensure the comfort of those who have given them years of faithful service. Except by the basest of heirs, it would not be grudged, but, since the testator does not think of it, they do not think of it, and a thousand opportunities, not only of showing sympathy and acknowledging obligation, but of bridging the ever-widening gulf between rich and poor, are thus recklessly thrown away.

So we are going to have £1 notes at the Bank of England. A correspondent, who has evidently had no experience of that paper currency, writes: "Why not, since we have £1 postal orders passing from hand to hand without appreciable loss?" But they don't pass from hand to hand: it is the constant interchange that makes the £1 note so sad a spectacle. It is not the "loss," but the "gain" — the accretion — which is so "appreciable," and renders it so undesirable a possession. A man who has much property of this kind may be recognised at a great distance. An old riddle describes the £1 note as superior to a sovereign because when you put it in your pocket you double it, and when you take it out you find it in creases; but it leaves your pocket a sachet, or scent-case. There is a proverb about no species of money smelling disagreeably — *non olet* — but this applies only to specie. In Scotland and Ireland people are used to it, or perhaps don't mind it — all's (gold) fish that comes to their net; but, though Englishmen often use the phrase, they don't know what it is to "smell of money." Now they are going to learn.

Even the Mohammedan world is, it seems, subject to change. Though there is no Girton College on the Bosphorus, there are blue-stockings in the seraglios. The "fair Circassian" (as portrayed on the cold-cream pots) with whom we used to fall in love in our boyhood is a dream of the past. The Moslem's wife — nay, the Moslem's ten wives, may now all be competent to set up a young ladies' seminary and grapple with the double rule of three. The *Giaour* has long ago submitted to the intellectual yoke, but to a Mohammedan husband of the old-fashioned type it is naturally objected to. The acquirements of the Princess Mahmoud of Tunis have so irritated her consort that he has "potted" at her with his revolver. Perhaps her acquaintance with the theory of projectiles was her salvation, but, at all events, he missed her, and the Bey has now interfered and caused the Prince to return the lady to her family with a dowry suitable to her rank. To shoot at your wife because of her literary acquirements is, of course, indefensible, but, if there could be some arrangement in this country for returning to her family a lady who is too learned, I know of a Christian husband or two who would be glad to take advantage of it.

The members of the medical profession have a well-founded reputation for caution: their prophecies are generally, like those of the sibyl, capable of being read different ways; and they are not deficient in tact. The majority of them have also considerable experience in the feelings of mothers towards their offspring; indeed, one does not need to be a "ladies' doctor" to know that every maternal parent thinks her infant the very finest that ever rounded its little fists and "sparred at existence for having come upon it so suddenly." Under these circumstances, it seems incredible — unless our antipodes is really "Topsy-turvyland" — that twelve medical men should have allowed themselves to be appointed judges of a baby-show. It was strange enough, since there were three hundred candidates, that they had no difficulty in according the prize: they were, however, unanimous on that point. But it was not at all strange that the two hundred and ninety-nine mothers whose infants did not get it should be roused to fury by the favouritism and injustice of the award. Though each had a baby in her arms, she had one hand free to express her sentiments with her nails, and they all proceeded to engrave them on the countenances of the jury. Such a scene was never seen in Sydney. The floor of the hall was presently paved with unsuccessful babies, and the assaults on the doctors were literally redoubled. The unhappy secretary was subjected to a special humiliation, for he was "held down by two energetic mothers, while a third administered to him corporal punishment with the back of a hair-brush." One has heard of queer cases of "medical treatment," but nothing so queer as this treatment of a medical man by lady patients. The others were being scratched out of all recognition, when the director of the show, who had been hurriedly sent for, hit on the ingenious device of turning out the lights. Then the two hundred and ninety-nine unsuccessful babies on the floor began to scream for their mothers, the maternal instinct took a safer direction, and "a unanimous vote of thanks was passed by the committee in acknowledgment of the director's presence of mind."

There is a strange delusion among women that a club is not the Elysium we men all know it to be; that scandal is as prevalent in it as at five-o'clock teas; that many members are not on speaking terms with one another, and that those who are often regret the circumstance; and, in particular, that there is hardly one of their institutions which has not its bore, from whom the others fly like bathers from a shark, and the running away from whom for six weeks forms the chief charm of our yearly holiday. How such reports could have got about it is difficult indeed to say; but they are very injurious, and it is satisfactory to find that they are about to receive a practical refutation. Instead of taking their autumn vacation separately, or in batches, this year, the Vesey Club, we read, are going *en bloc* to Norway. They are, I understand, a scientific association, so that there is every reason why they should "fall out," and yet peace and goodwill so reign among them that they can actually bear with one another's society all the year round. "What an example

to your other clubs!" will no doubt be the cynical exclamation of our fair detractors; but why should we not rather say, "What a proof of the unanimity that prevails with all of us!"? Now that the idea has once been started, no doubt it will be followed by similar institutions. There are cynics, however, I am sorry to say, who hint that the proposition is by no means so benevolent as it looks. Perhaps (though it seems incredible) the club, they suggest, wants to get rid of some of its members, and finds this plan, notwithstanding its huge scale, less inconvenient than dissolution and re-election. It is certainly a little suspicious that such an out-of-the-way part of the world as Norway, where the roads are lonely and the lakes are deep, and there is no International Treaty for the surrender of criminals, should be chosen for this novel pleasure-trip. If this painful view of the matter should prove correct, it would at least afford quite new and very dramatic materials for the novelist. The closing scene, the execution of the club bore, would also be very striking on the stage. He has been brought out, as he thought, to enjoy himself in his usual manner, and throughout the voyage has pestered his fellow-passengers to the uttermost. Only the committee know for what purpose he has been put on board. In some desolate spot, close to a fiord, surrounded with mountains and bathed in moonlight, the secretary breaks to him the official sentence. He is bound, and after a little farewell speech from the chairman — upon which, being gagged, he is unable to make a single egotistic observation — he is "committeed" to the deep.

THE LLANERCH COLLIERY DISASTER.

One of those terrible explosions of gas in the working of coal-mines, which cause such great loss of life, took place on Thursday, Feb. 6, at the Llanerch Colliery, near Abersychan, not far from Pontypool, in Monmouthshire, killing 175 persons, men and boys. This mine was considered to be in good order, and very little gas had been observed in it before. It contained a vein of coal 8 ft. thick, which was highly productive. The part where nearly all the men killed were working was that called "Cook's Slope," which runs for about a thousand yards from the bottom of the shaft, and in it were four headings, known as Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4. It is evident that the explosion occurred in either No. 1 or 2, for here the dead lay thickest, while farther down the slope the chief cause of death was the "choke damp," or suffocating carbonic acid gas. The terrific blast, however, had traversed the whole of the slope, for, as one of the explorers said, not a single pair of timbers or props was left standing. Fortunately the ventilating fan had not been injured, and a good current of air soon cleansed the whole of the slope and headings from foul gas. The last place to be cleared was the No. 2 heading, in which there was the heaviest fall. The air was turned into this, and in a couple of hours the explorers were able to enter. Here they found most of the dead.

The bodies were collected as reverently as was possible in the circumstances, placed in an empty tram, and sent to the surface to be taken to the engine-house. The people of the neighbouring villages and hamlets gathered around the colliery, whole families mourning for those whom they had lost, and the scene was most distressing, as is represented in our Artist's Sketches. On the Sunday and Monday the dead were buried, about one hundred bodies being interred in the graveyards at Abersychan, Talywain, Trevelyn, and Pontypool. Work was suspended at all the mines within ten miles, and it is estimated that the funerals took place in the presence of thirty thousand mourners and spectators. The mournful processions were headed by the members of the Abersychan Local Board. Singing is a distinctive feature at Welsh funerals, and the hymns to be rendered at the solemn ceremonies were distributed among the people. There were interments also at St. Cadoc's Church, Trevelyn, and at Ebenezer Congregational Chapel, Pontnewynydd, on the other side of the valley.

The Queen sent a message of compassion; and the Home Secretary and the Lord Mayor of London made inquiries concerning what should be done for the relief of the distressed families. The following statistics were furnished, on the Monday, in reply to these inquiries: Married men, 61; single men, 91; uncertain, 4; not identified, 14; still remaining in the pit, 6 — total, 176. Widows, 70; children, 240 — total, 310. The remaining bodies were afterwards got out. The fund for the relief of the widows and families amounted to £35,000, including £1000 from the South Wales Coalowners' Association, £500 from the Marquis of Bute, and £30,000 contributed by the South Wales and Monmouthshire Miners' Provident Society. Of this, £2500 has been applied to the burial of the dead. The widows receive five shillings per week from the Miners' Fund during widowhood, and half a crown for each child.

Mr. William Smiles, C.B., Chief Inspector of Taxes, has been appointed to be a Special Commissioner of Income Tax. He is succeeded as Chief Inspector by Mr. John Ferguson.

Mr. Ralph Disraeli is about to resign the office of Deputy Clerk, or Clerk-Assistant, of Parliaments, which he has held since 1875, when he was appointed by his brother, Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, to succeed the late Sir William Rose, K.C.B. The salary attaching to the position is £2100. Mr. Disraeli was previously for many years one of the Registrars of the Court of Chancery, and, had he not resigned that office, he would by this time have been senior Registrar. He is the father of Mr. Coningsby Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield's heir.

The Brompton Hospital entertainment on Feb. 11 consisted of the operetta of "Mock Turtles"; the characters being well sustained by Mrs. Gouraud, Miss Mabel Ferguson, Miss Felix-Jones, and Mr. W. Cyril Beaumont. This was followed by a mandoline selection, by Mr. D. J. Burnett and Mr. Jackson Gouraud. The farce of "Ici On Parle Français" was then given, and kept the room in one continuous state of laughter. Mrs. Gouraud, Miss Felix-Jones, Miss Victoria Pinnock, Miss Helen Ferguson, Mr. H. Blake Thornton, Mr. W. Cyril Beaumont, and Mr. Fauvel Gouraud were the able performers, and fairly earned the hearty applause they received.

Before the Royal Geographical Society, on Feb. 10, Mr. D. W. Freshfield (hon. secretary) read an account of the exploration of the Caucasus, by himself, Mr. C. Dent, Captain Powell, and Mr. H. Woolley, in order to learn the fate of Messrs. Donkin and Fox. It was known that they had started to climb the mountain Dychtau, nearly 17,000 ft. high. The searchers attained nearly 11,000 ft. when they came upon the last camping place of their unfortunate friends. No doubt remained that they had made a partial descent from that spot, and that then the snow had given way, and they had been swept into the great ice fosse at the foot of the cliff. Before the paper was read, the president said that the society had been in communication with Mr. Stanley, who would be with them in the course of the season, but he was not yet able to fix definitely the time of his coming to England.

MOVERS AND SECONDBERS OF THE ADDRESS.

The Address of the House of Lords to the Queen, in reply to her Majesty's Speech at the opening of the Session of Parliament, was moved by Lord De Ramsey, and seconded by the Earl of Stradbroke.

The Right Hon. William Henry Fellowes, second Baron De Ramsey, was born May 16, 1848, and succeeded his father, the first Baron, in 1887. He was formerly a Captain in the 1st Life Guards; he sat in the House of Commons as M.P. for Huntingdonshire from 1880 to 1885, and for the Northern, or Ramsey, Division of the same county from 1885 to 1887; and he is an Alderman of the County Council. His Lordship is married to a daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough.

The Right Hon. George Edward John Mowbray Rous, third Earl of Stradbroke, was born Nov. 19, 1862, and was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took high University honours in 1883, being first class in the examination for classics and history. He succeeded his father, the second Earl, in 1886. His Lordship is a member of the Suffolk County Council, and is Colonel of the local Artillery Volunteers.

In the House of Commons, the mover of the Address was Mr. T. B. Royden, M.P., and it was seconded by Lord Brooke, M.P.

Mr. Thomas Bland Royden was born at Liverpool in 1832, was educated at the Liverpool College, and is a shipbuilder; he is a member of the Liverpool Town Council, and was Mayor of that city in the year 1878-9; he is also a Magistrate. Mr. Royden was elected M.P. for the West Toxteth Division of Liverpool in November 1885, and was again returned next year opposed. He has served in the Royal Commissions of Inquiry concerning tonnage and unseaworthy ships, and in the Committee of Inquiry with regard to the load-line.

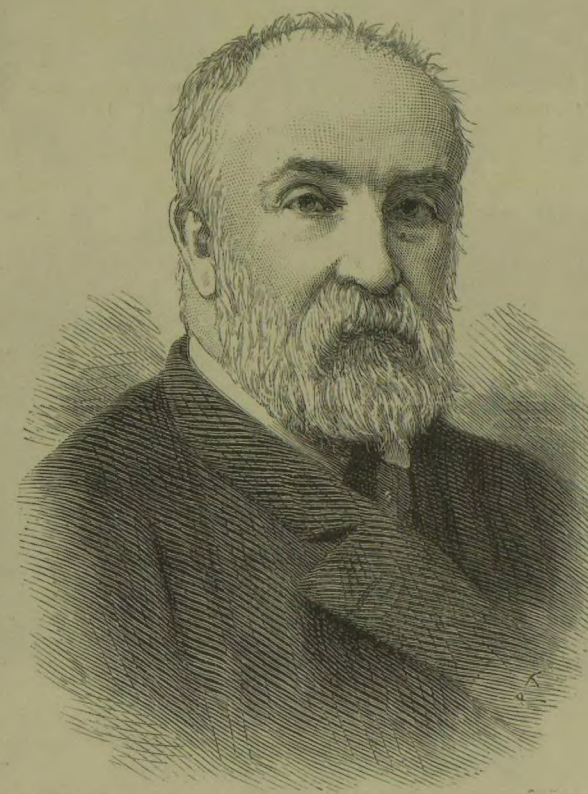
The Right Hon. Francis Richard Charles Guy Greville, Lord Brooke, eldest son of the Earl of Warwick, was born in 1853. He was M.P. for East Somerset from 1879 to 1885, and has recently been elected for Colchester. His Lordship is a Governor of Rugby School, a Captain of the Warwickshire Yeomanry, and a Magistrate for Warwickshire, Somersetshire, and Essex, residing at Easton Lodge, Dunmow.

Our Portrait of Lord De Ramsey is from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker-street; that of the Earl of Stradbroke, from one by Schemboche, of Florence; that of Mr. Royden, from one by Messrs. Russell and Sons; and that of Lord Brooke, from one by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent-street.

THE LATE DUC DE MONTPENSIER.

The fifth son of the last French King, Louis Philippe, and one of the uncles of the Comte de Paris, who claims to be heir to the Crown, died suddenly on Feb. 4, at San Lucar, in Andalusia, having resided in Spain from the time of his marriage, in 1846, to the Infanta or Princess Maria Luisa Ferdinanda, sister of Isabella, then the young Queen of Spain. It was suspected by many European statesmen that King Louis Philippe had arranged this match, simultaneously with that of Queen Isabella to her cousin, Don Francesco d'Assisi, with a view to putting his own descendants on the throne of Spain, contrary to express stipulations made for the sake of the independence of that kingdom. But this expectation was disappointed by the birth of the late King Alfonso XII, son of Queen Isabella, and King Alfonso's son, a baby four years old, is now King of Spain. The Duc de Montpensier, who

was born in 1824, when his father, Louis Philippe, was only Duke of Orleans, and before the dethronement of the elder House of Bourbon, which took place by the Revolution of 1830, served a campaign in Algeria, and got high military rank, but was not a man who ever performed any action of renowned merit either in France or in Spain. In 1868, when Queen Isabella's throne was overturned, he had his faction of partisans, but was opposed by Don Enrique, the brother of



THE LATE DUC DE MONTPENSIER,
ONE OF THE ORLEANS PRINCES.

Isabella's husband. These rivals fought a duel, near Madrid, on March 12, 1870, when Don Enrique was killed. The Duc de Montpensier was tried for the murder, but was sentenced to a nominal punishment. The affair, however, excited much indignation, and the Duc de Montpensier, always regarded as a foreigner in Spain, was more unpopular than ever. One of his daughters married her French Royal cousin, the Comte de Paris; another married her Spanish Royal cousin, the late King Alfonso; but the latter, who was the amiable and lamented Queen Mercedes, died leaving no children, and the present infant King of Spain is the offspring of his father's second marriage, with an Archduchess of Austria, who is now Queen Regent.

The Portrait of the late Duc de Montpensier is from a photograph by Fernando Debas, of Madrid.

THE BRITISH INDIA STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S SHIP KATORIA.

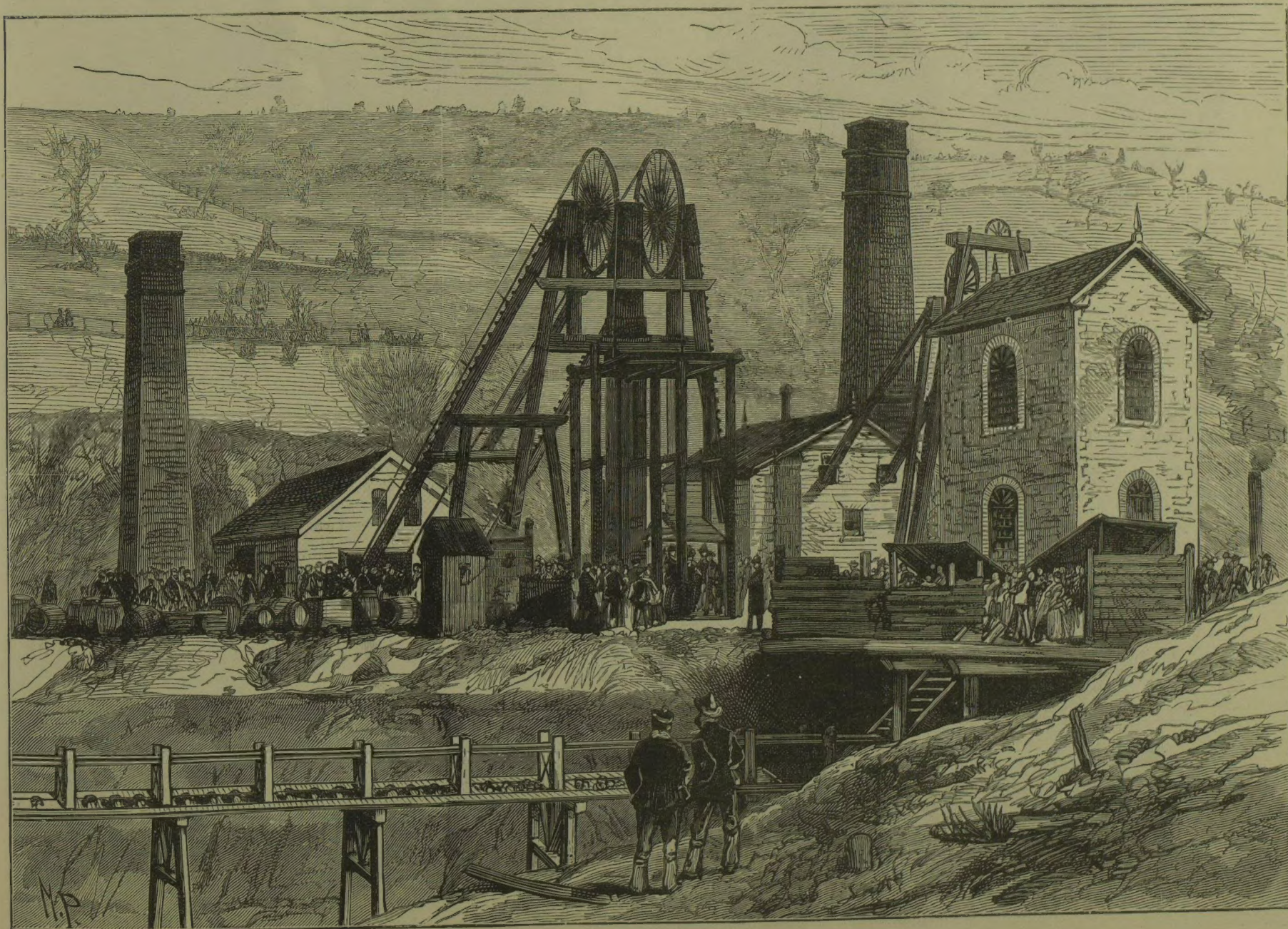
The steam-ship Katoria, which conveyed Mr. H. M. Stanley and the English officers of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition from the East Coast of Africa to Suez, after their sojourn at Zanzibar and their visit to Mombasa, the British East Africa Company's seat of administration, on Jan. 2, represented in the Sketches made by Mr. Joseph Bell, our Special Artist, is entitled to a separate Illustration. On board this fine vessel, commanded by Captain Pearson, of the Royal Naval Reserve, the distinguished guests were treated with great courtesy and kindness. Before leaving the harbour of Mombasa, as described in our publication of Feb. 1, a public luncheon was given, on the quarterdeck, to Mr. Stanley and his companions, Colonel Euan Smith, the British Consul-General at Zanzibar, and many of the European residents at Mombasa, their host being Mr. George Mackenzie, the able administrator of the British East Africa Company's affairs in that large territory which has been committed to its rule. The Katoria is one of the ships—others being the Africa, the Malda,



CAPTAIN PEARSON.

the Ethiopia, the Kapurthala, and the Madura—employed in the branch line of the British India Steam Navigation Company to Lamu, Mombasa, and Zanzibar, East African ports which have great commercial intercourse with Bombay. The British India Steam Navigation Company has many larger ships going to Colombo, Madras, and Calcutta, others to Kurrachee and Bombay, and others to Batavia and through Torres' Strait to Queensland, all passing through the Suez Canal. But Sir William Mackinnon, the chairman, as being also the founder of the British East Africa Company and head of the Committee for the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, has been prominently associated with Mr. Stanley's remarkable achievement. Mr. George Mackenzie, acting by his direction, rendered great services to the furnishing and manning of the Expedition at Zanzibar, in January 1887, when the Madura was placed at its disposal to convey all the men and stores from Zanzibar round the Cape to the entrance of the Congo.

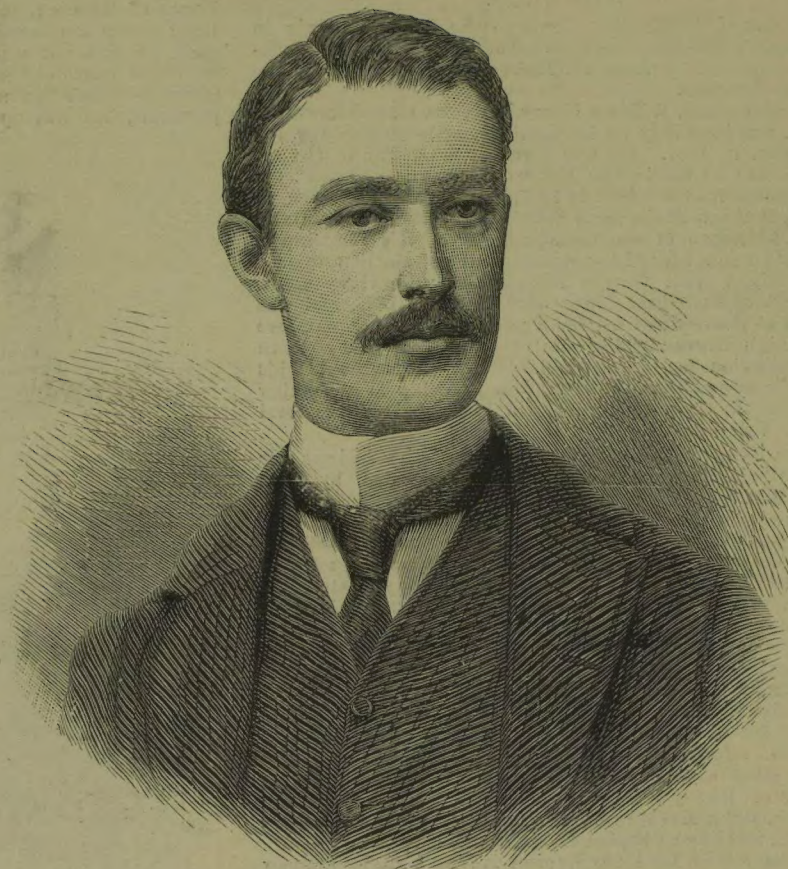
Mr. Justice O'Brien has been appointed a Judicial Commissioner under the Educational Endowments (Ireland) Act 1885, in place of the Right Hon. John Naish, Lord Justice of Appeal in Ireland, resigned.



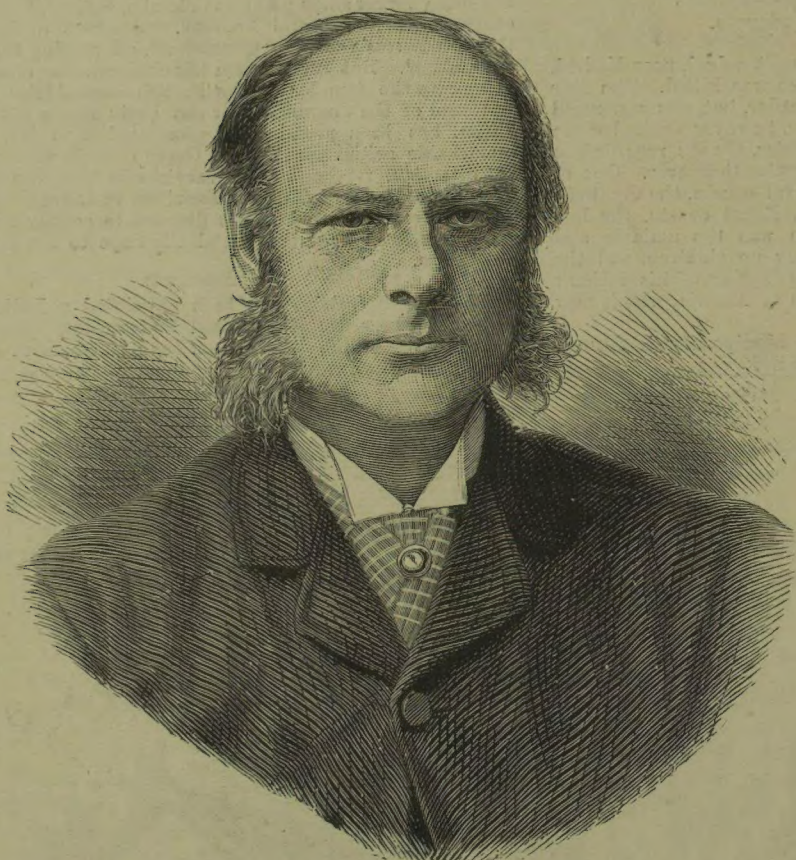
THE LLANERCH COLLIERY DISASTER, MONMOUTHSHIRE: THE PIT'S MOUTH.



LORD DE RAMSEY,
MOVER OF THE ADDRESS IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.



THE EARL OF STRADBROKE,
SECONDER OF THE ADDRESS IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

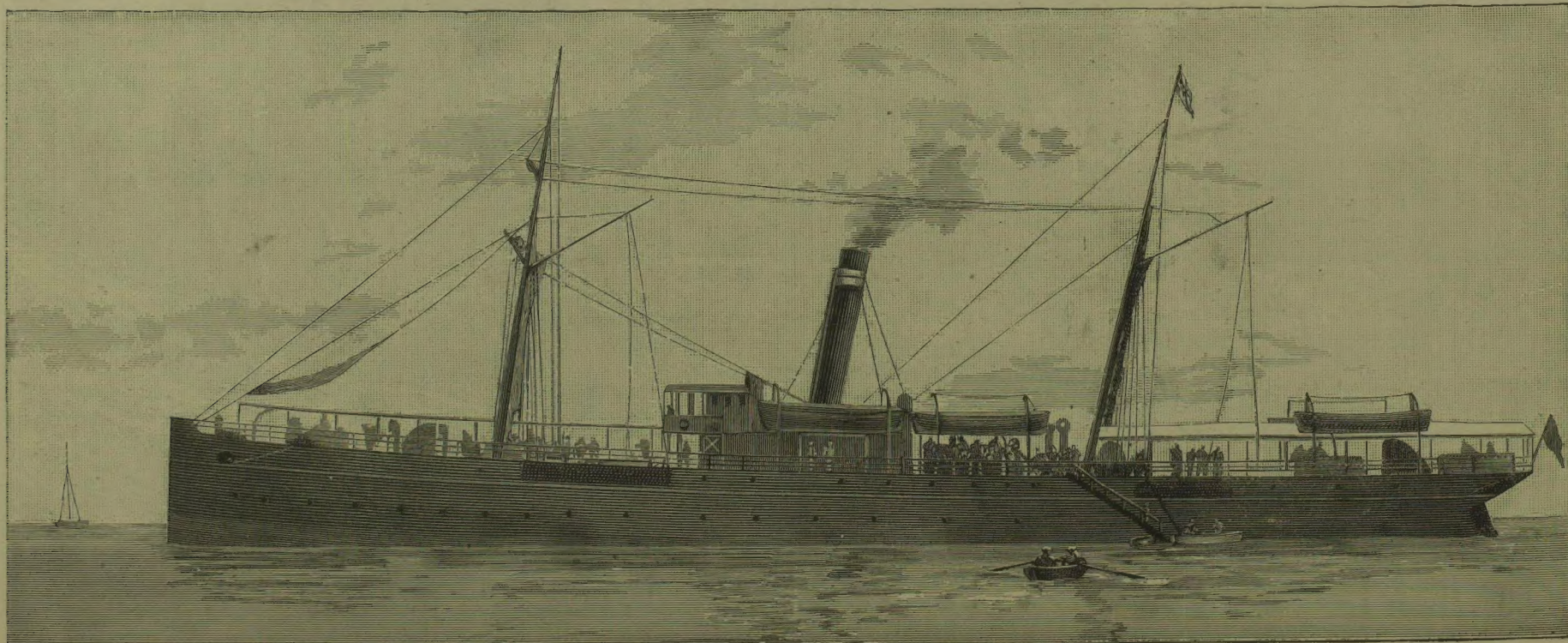


MR. T. B. ROYDEN, M.P.,
MOVER OF THE ADDRESS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



LORD BROOKE, M.P.,
SECONDER OF THE ADDRESS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MOVERS AND SECONDEES OF THE ADDRESS IN PARLIAMENT.



THE BRITISH INDIA STEAM-SHIP KATORIA, WHICH CONVEYED MR. STANLEY FROM ZANZIBAR TO SUEZ.



Mr. Van Alphen. Mr. Schreiner. Captain Baden-Powell.

Mr. Esselen.

Tecuba, Prime Minister. The Swazi Prince Regent.

Swazi Indunas.

THE SWAZI QUEEN IN CONFERENCE WITH THE BRITISH AND TRANSVAAL COMMISSIONERS.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

There was one pleasant surprise at the commencement of the Session. Such alarmist reports had been spread regarding the ill-health of the Marquis of Salisbury, that general satisfaction was felt in the House of Lords when, shortly after four on the Eleventh of February, the Prime Minister walked up the floor of the House, apparently in his habitual robust health, if a shade paler than usual. There was a hearty, sympathetic ring in the chorus of Conservative "Hear, hears!" which greeted Lord Salisbury as he smilingly took his seat between Lord Cranbrook and Earl Cadogan on the well-filled Ministerial bench; and, later on, Earl Granville, who also looked in good health, gave felicitous expression to the prevalent feeling when he referred to the "pleasure it is to us to see the Leader of the House, and certainly one of the most eminent members of it, here present, and I trust in a state of complete convalescence." With respect to the venerable Leader of the Opposition in the Commons, it may here be stated that when Mr. Gladstone, hale and hearty and erect in spite of his eighty winters, quietly slipped in from behind the Speaker's chair the same afternoon, a storm of enthusiasm arose from the Home Rule benches. Bright and keen as ever, Mr. Gladstone (wearing a white flower in his button-hole) took his seat between Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley. The Marquis of Hartington (well on his way to Alexandria) was conspicuous by his absence from the corner of the front Opposition bench. But the noble Lord was well represented by his co-chiefs of the Liberal Unionist Party, Sir Henry James and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the latter none the worse for his trip to Egypt. Browned by his sea voyage, Mr. Smith, quite at ease on the Treasury bench, seemed in the best of health. There was the customary ruddy glow on the face of Mr. Henry Matthews, who sat next to the First Lord of the Treasury; and Mr. Balfour, scanning the Parnellite ranks through his pince-nez, appeared as cool as is his wont.

The ceremony of opening the fifth Session of her Majesty's Twelfth Parliament by Royal Commission (to hark back a little) was a tame affair. Lord Halsbury, the Earl of Mount-Edgumbe, the Earl of Limerick, Lord Cross, and Lord Knutsford, as the Queen's representatives, sat before the empty throne, incumbered in the usual scarlet Peers' robes and cocked hats; and the Lord Chancellor read the Queen's Speech to the gathering of Lords and Commons. There was little we did not know before in this document. Brief references to the Portuguese difficulty in East Africa, to the African Slave Trade Conference at Brussels, to the Commercial Conventions with the Khedive and with Bulgaria, to the Samoan Convention with the United States and Germany, and the new extradition arrangements with the United States, to the dispatch of a British Commissioner to Swaziland, and a hopeful reference to Australian Federation, constituted the first portion of the Speech. As for home affairs, the extension of the principle of the Local Self-Government Acts to Ireland is promised, with proposals "for improving the material well-being of the population in the poorer districts" of the Sister Isle. No allusion was made to Free Education. The only other noteworthy points were the announcement of the old Land Transfer Bill for England, and of a measure for the Redemption of Tithes.

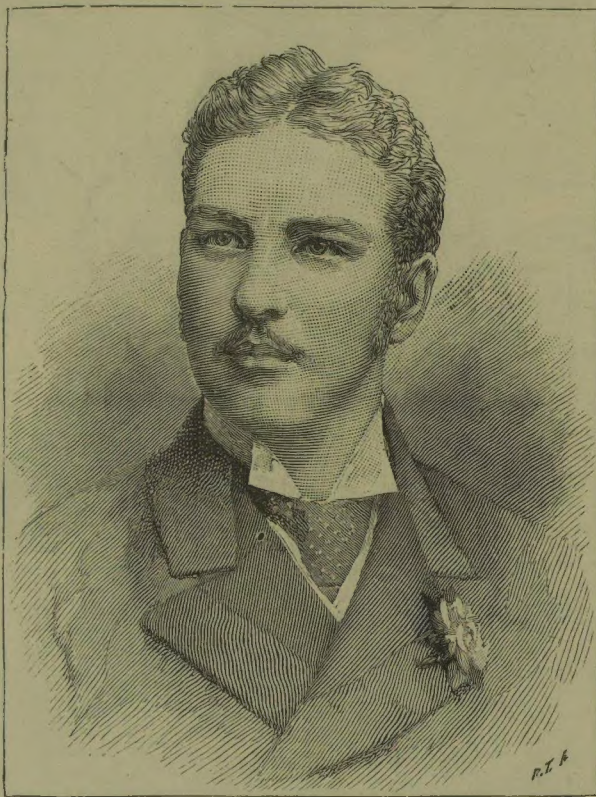
The Prince of Wales (evidently in buoyant good health as he smilingly shook hands with Lord Granville and nodded to Earl Spencer in passing) was early in his seat on the front cross bench to listen to the debate in the Lords on the Address. There was a goodly gathering of Peers in the side-galleries. In one balcony to the left of the throne, the Duke of Teck, Princess Mary, and the Princess Victoria of Teck were observed. The centre of interest next to Lord Salisbury himself was the brilliant patch of colour on the bench immediately behind the Premier. Like a ray of sunshine in a shady place shone the gay scarlet uniform of the Huntingdonshire Light Horse, worn by Lord De Ramsey as Mover of the Address in reply to her Majesty's Speech. If Lord De Ramsey had taken lessons in elocution from the Prime Minister, he could not have spoken with greater clearness or force. In a Chamber where voices are generally muffled (notably by Lord Granville, whose words it is exceedingly difficult to hear), it was a pleasure to listen to the distinct delivery of Lord De Ramsey. A *lecture* too flowery, mayhap, was the opening portion of his speech for his auditory—as when he referred in swelling tones to the necessity of waving the Union Jack at all times and all seasons. At that juncture, I confess, I almost expected the noble Lord would have jubilantly favoured us with a stave from "Rule, Britannia! Britannia Rules the Waves!" But he was merciful. On the whole, he discharged with ability his duty of commending the actions and policy of the Government. Terser was the able seconder, the Earl of Stradbroke, who wore the quiet uniform of the 1st Norfolk Volunteer Artillery, and performed his part very well. There was all the old dialectical skill in Earl Granville's comprehensive but not very powerful criticism of the Government's doings. Everyone was glad to hear that Lord Salisbury's clearness of articulation had not been impaired by the attack of influenza. He did not at all see the need of separating the business of the Foreign Minister from the Prime Minister. He vindicated the proceedings of the Ministry "all along the line." His fine voice rose to a high pitch of earnestness when he justified, by the figures he quoted as to the welcome reduction of crime, the adoption of a firm policy based on justice towards Ireland. The Address was then agreed to.

"Privilege!" That important question stopped the way before the debate on the Address could be reached in the Commons. The Speaker, happily, was himself again. He will need the stock of good health he has gained in the Recess. Upon Sir William Harcourt did it devolve to bring before the House the breach of privilege committed by the *Times* in publishing and in commenting on what is now proved to have been the forged letter, "falsely alleged to be written by Mr. Parnell." But Sir William was heavy and lugubrious. It was in pulpit-oration style that he dismally inveighed against the paper to which he once contributed the letters of "Historicus," and cited precedents to show cause why the House should formally vindicate the honour of the hon. member whose good faith had been so gravely impugned. But the Government, through Sir John Gorst, Mr. Balfour, and Sir Edward Clarke, objected that it would be inexpedient to adopt the motion three years after the offence had been committed. In excellent voice, Mr. Gladstone energetically supported the motion; as did Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Bradlaugh (looking all the better for his trip to India).—Mr. Parnell received the warm cheers of the Home Rule members when he forcibly inveighed against the attitude of the Ministry, which he did to such good purpose that he elicited from Mr. Smith a frank declaration of "our detestation of the acts committed, and our immeasurable satisfaction that the hon. gentleman has been relieved absolutely and completely from the imputations under which he has rested." By the comparatively small majority of 48 only—260 against 212—was Sir William Harcourt's motion negatived. Thus was the moving of the Address postponed till the morrow.

CONFERENCE WITH THE SWAZI QUEEN.

Sir Francis de Winton, the Chief Commissioner appointed by the British Government, jointly with that of the "South African Republic," commonly known as the Transvaal, to make inquiry in Swaziland, a territory adjacent to Zululand, on the eastern Transvaal Border, concerning the best settlement of that small country, where nearly a thousand white men have entered with a view to gold-mining, and have got concessions of land from the late King Umbandine, arrived in England early in February; and the Report of the Joint British and Dutch Commission has been laid before our Government, whose decision upon its recommendations is shortly expected.

Our correspondent accompanying the Commissioners in Swaziland, several of whose Sketches have already been published, sends us an interesting one of the scene at their final diplomatic interview with Usibati, the Queen Regent, assisted by her Prime Minister, Tecuba, by the Prince Regent, and by her chief Indunas, or noble Councillors, on Dec. 18, at the Inkani Kraal. Her Majesty, a woman of majestic corpulence, with bare arms and bosom, and with hair wrought up into the shape of a crown, sits or squats on a mat in the fenced enclosure before her palace hut; beside her is another woman holding her child in her lap. The gentleman seated on a bench nearest to the Queen, and apparently speaking to her, is Mr. Shepstone, appointed Resident Adviser to the Swazis, and Chairman also of the Provisional Government Committee formed by the Europeans in that country. The two gentlemen standing before her Majesty are Mr. G. Ferreira, the Swazi-Dutch interpreter employed by the Transvaal Commissioners; and Mr. Jackson, interpreter for the British Commissioners.



THE DUC D'ORLEANS.

Imprisoned in Paris for Breaking the Law on the Exile of Princes.
(From a Photograph by Walery, 164, Regent-street.)

Beyond them, in the corner against the hut, sits another European, who is sergeant-major of the Swaziland Police. The great men of the Swazi nation, some robed as befits their superior rank, the foremost being the Prince Regent, while others, though dignified Indunas, are almost naked, sit facing their Queen.

On the other side, to the Queen's right hand, sit the British and Dutch Commissioners, amicably intermixed. Colonel Sir Francis de Winton, in uniform, sash, and cocked hat, has on his left hand General Joubert, the bluff, yeoman-like Vice-President of the Transvaal Republic, who sits in free-and-easy guise, bareheaded, and clad in striped rustic homespun clothing; on his right hand, the Assistant Transvaal Commissioner, General Smit, a keen soldier and a sharp politician. Colonel Martin, Assistant British Commissioner and one of the Provisional Government Committee, in military uniform, and Captain Baden-Powell, Secretary to the British Mission, also in uniform, are easily distinguished. Mr. Esselen, attached to the Dutch Commissioners, but also one of the Swaziland Committee, appears next to Captain Baden-Powell, seated on a camp-stool and intently watching the Queen. Behind the Commissioners are their legal advisers, Mr. Van Alphen and Dr. Krause for the Transvaal Commissioners, and Mr. Schreiner, a professional man acquainted with Dutch law, for the British Commissioners; and there is Mr. Howard, the English shorthand reporter.

We understand that the results of this conference were satisfactory: Queen Usibati seems cordially to have agreed to most of the proposals of the Joint Commission. She was earnest and urgent, especially in her desire to prevent the traffic in intoxicating liquor, by which many of her people are corrupted and destroyed. It is said that the young unmarried girls of the Swazi race are peculiarly liable to this temptation. These are readily distinguished from the married women, who are dressed in petticoats of skins or cloth, and have elaborate coiffures piled on the back of the head, while the girls wear short hair and mere girdles of beads. The uncontrolled sale of gin and other spirits in the canteens is a dreadful curse to this people.

As a pleasant instance of the friendly feeling that now prevails with the Boers of the Transvaal, it may be mentioned that, on their journey through Swaziland, General Joubert and General Smit, who both took an active part in the battle of Majuba Hill in 1881, and who are reputed crack rifle-shots, engaged in a trial of skill with Sir Francis de Winton. The target was a bottle, set upon a distant anthill; we are not told the range. Several shots from the two Transvaal Generals failed to hit the bottle; Sir Francis de Winton smashed it with his first bullet.

Sir William T. Charley, Q.C., D.C.L., Common Serjeant of London, was on Feb. 11 married, at West Kirby Church, Chester, to Clara, daughter of Mr. F. Hardbord of Kirby Park. There was a large and fashionable gathering. The bride was given away by her father, and was attended by six bridesmaids.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The other afternoon I was talking to a very charming and intelligent young lady, and, young as she was, pretty as she was, and enthusiastic as she might have been, she echoed the same monotonous complaint that we hear so often nowadays: "I want to laugh at the theatre, not to cry!" I had been urging her to go to the Vaudeville Theatre. I had been impressing on her the necessity of studying the "Clarissa" of Mr. Robert Buchanan. I had been dilating with some enthusiasm on the beautiful Clarissa of Miss Winifred Emery, and her death-scene, so infinitely pathetic, so exalted in tone, so illumined by art; but to all my comments she returned the same weary and careworn answer, "I want to laugh at the theatre, not to cry!" Now, had my fair friend been a grandmother and not a girl; had she seen Edmund Kean, and been able to criticise Macready; had she known Helen Faucit in her prime, and carefully differentiated between the methods of a Kate Terry and an Adelaide Neilson; had she in any sense been in a position of being a little bored—why, then one might have excused her. But she had no experience of acting whatever. She had never been astonished into delight by Aimée Desclée or thrilled by Favart or Bernhardt, she did not even allude to the exquisite nature of Miss Terry's Olivia or Amber Heart, but she stuck to her original position that she loved laughter and hated tears. She went over the stale old ground that life was sad enough without any unnecessary tears at the playhouse. And she candidly owned—highly intelligent and well educated as she is—that the mental recreation that did her the most good was a Gaiety burlesque! Well, do not let us quarrel with the damsel. Each one to his own taste. Still, for all that, I regret, for her sake, the loss of such a mental stimulant, such an intellectual fillip as some win from so beautiful a rendering of a pure and exalted woman as that given us by Miss Winifred Emery in Mr. Buchanan's new play. I go from the theatre happier from having come across such a woman—for I merge the actress in her personation. This is as it should be. Miss Emery is, no doubt, delightful off the stage as well as on it. Of that I know nothing; nor, indeed, do I care to know it. To me she is Clarissa Harlowe, and that is enough for me. I do not want to destroy my illusions; and illusions must, in a measure, be destroyed when actors come away from the footlights.

Perhaps I shall be considered to be saying a very daring thing when I urge that Mr. Robert Buchanan has suffered from producing this particular play at the Vaudeville. It requires just the finish, just the polish, just the sensitive nurturing that it might possibly obtain elsewhere, but which do not belong to the *bourgeois* style of the Vaudeville. "Clarissa" is a hot-house plant; not a mountain daisy. She would die on Mr. Buchanan's Scotch moors; she would thrive in an artificial atmosphere. I can see "Clarissa" an immense success at the Lyceum. I can see her even more a success at the Garrick if Mr. Hare had been able to secure both the play and Miss Emery. I can see what Mr. Beerbohm Tree would have done with it at the Haymarket, what a labour of love it would have been to him, and how he would have covered it with an æsthetic halo—just the glow that it required to make it more attractive to the playgoers who shudder at what is sad. Not that by any means the beautiful subject has been neglected at the Vaudeville. Far from it. It is well done, but it wants to be better done. It is very fairly acted, but it requires illuminating power. No one could play Clarissa better than Miss Emery, but there are fine characters in the comedy, and they all require to be finely handled. It is no good pouring the finest Chambertin into green hock glasses. It may not destroy the wine, but it destroys the flavour to the cultivated palate. The Vaudeville was not the playhouse for "Clarissa," nor is the company, as a rule, strong enough to do it the justice it deserves. We keep continually saying to ourselves, "Ah! but if So-and-So had played that part!" This shows that the parts are good ones to play, does it not?

I still think that Mr. Buchanan has made a mistake in reconciling Clarissa with the brutal Lovelace before death releases her; and I also think there was no use in drawing a halo of sanctity round gentle-hearted Philip if he was to go out five minutes afterwards and slaughter Lovelace. Mr. Buchanan very courteously reasons against my objection, and argues that I am wrong. But the intention of the dramatist is one thing, the effect on the spectator is another. I contend that Mr. Buchanan has so advanced Clarissa on her way to heaven, has so sanctified and purified her, that her reconciliation to Lovelace—even in delirium—is shocking. She is in a state of exaltation. She has had heavenly visions. She has dreamed holy dreams. Her arguments *against* reconciliation with a repentant man are unanswerable. Why, then, contradict all she has said in delirium, and change from antechambers of heaven to mundane marriages and wedding-bells? That the sin Lovelace has committed is unpardonable on this side of the grave is, to my mind, the great moral of the play. Men may ruin, and are often forgiven by women who love them. But here there was no definite love on the part of Clarissa, and Lovelace betrayed her in the grossest and most unchivalrous manner. That a woman so destroyed is just as pure as a lily trampled under the foot of a clumsy gardener all must allow; but the kiss of a Lovelace to take with her to Paradise is, to my mind, a contamination. The act wants shortening; and the delirium may well be sacrificed. Again, Mr. Buchanan thinks to get over the difficulty of Philip's revenge by saying that Lovelace "fell upon his sword." Be this as it may, the effect is that a man who had been vowed to Heaven by Clarissa's prayer is still so earthly that he cannot forego vengeance! The charm that Clarissa has won for her friend by commending him to Heaven would surely teach him the divine knowledge of forgiveness. It strikes me that Mr. Buchanan, by his reconciliation in delirium, and in his accidental slaughter of Lovelace by the sword of a man vowed to God, is unconsciously pandering to the conventionality of happy endings. He knows that the ethical part of his story will not permit the reconciliation of Clarissa with her brutal betrayer, so he unites them in delirium. He knows that the reformed Philip cannot conscientiously be a duellist, so he allows Lovelace to fall upon his sword. But all this is mere special pleading. I maintain that Clarissa, in a beatific state, had no right to kiss Lovelace, and that Philip, converted to the principles of Christianity, should not fight a duel for the purpose of revenge. However, it is a fine play, and is well worth seeing. Miss Winifred Emery has never done anything better in the course of her interesting career. Mr. Thomas Thorne has never been seen to greater advantage than as Philip, one of the most effective characters in the range of modern drama. Mr. Thalberg and Miss Bannister have both physical advantages which should encourage them to go on and prosper. But they both want lessons in voice-production very badly. In a small character Mr. Cyril Maude is excellent; and "Clarissa" deserves encouragement, if the stage is not to be wholly given up to buffoonery.

The London Scottish Volunteers were inspected on Feb. 8 by Major-General Philip Smith, C.B., commanding the Home District, assisted by Colonel Stracey, commanding the Scots Guards. The regiment, with band and pipers, paraded to the number of 450, under Colonel Henry Lumsden.

THE PORTUGUESE AT DELAGOA BAY.

Major Serpa Pinto, the enterprising African traveller, but much too enterprising Portuguese officer, who lately, as our Queen's Speech says, "led an armed force into territory where British settlements had been formed," attacked the native tribes under British protection, and perpetrated "acts inconsistent with the respect due" to the flag of Great Britain, has been recalled from Quillimane, the Portuguese town at the mouth of the Zambesi, and has arrived at Delagoa Bay. It is understood that this officer will be removed altogether from the East Coast of South Africa, and will be sent to the West Coast, where in the Portuguese colonies of Loanda, Benguela, and Angola, having no English neighbours, his proceedings will be of no concern to us. At Delagoa Bay, the most southerly possession of the Portuguese on the coast of the Indian Ocean, an indiscreet action might possibly be as objectionable to the British Government, with its adjacent protectorate of the Amatomas, as on the Zambesi and the Shiré Rivers. It is certainly not the desire of our country, under any pretext of a quarrel, to disturb the recognised Portuguese dominion of the Mozambique coast, and of the shores to the southward, Sofala, Inhambane, and Delagoa Bay, which by right of maritime discovery, and of continuous though feeble occupation, have belonged to Portugal for three or four centuries. The only question in dispute is that of claims to indefinite territorial sovereignty in the interior regions, which have in fact never at any time, except two or three stations on the river Zambesi, been in Portuguese occupation, and which remained for the most unexplored till Livingstone and other British travellers, followed by missionaries, planters, and trading companies, entered those countries, which are now in a fair way of settlement by civilised men.

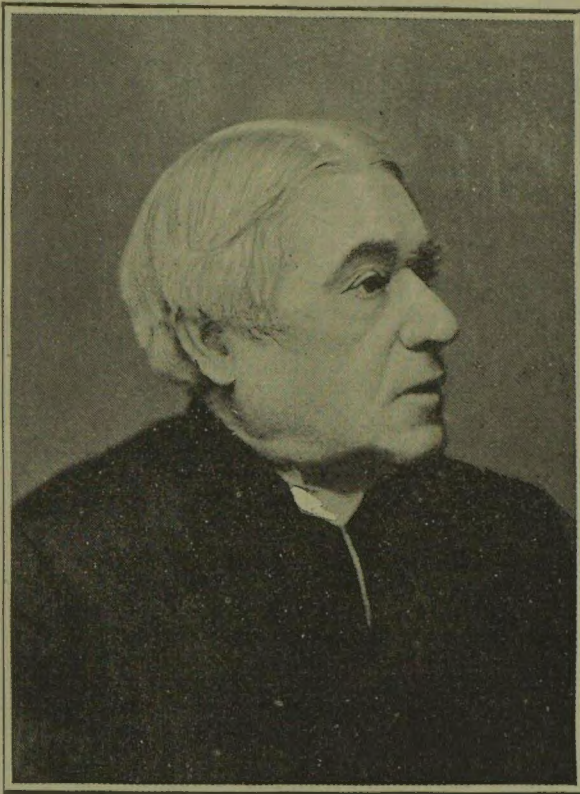
It would be ungracious, at this moment, and would be inexpedient just now—when the people of Lisbon and Oporto, misled by patriotic vanity, seem to be so angry with England, their oldest and best friend in Europe, their defender in past times against France and Spain, the guardian of Portuguese independence and of constitutional freedom—were we to dwell harshly on the faults of the Portuguese colonial administration. To Portugal, from a purely historical point of view, belongs the immortal glory of having, first of all modern nations, opened the path of ocean navigation in the South Atlantic, and of commerce with the West Coast of Africa; of having sailed round the Cape, established mercantile settlements and forts all the way up the East Coast and in Ceylon and India, besides founding the great Empire of Brazil. Nevertheless, without imputing national degeneracy to the Portuguese, it must be acknowledged that all who now visit their East African stations agree in testifying unfavourably of the present condition of affairs. Several of the first natural harbours, Pomba, Memba, Nakala, and Mokamba, have been entirely neglected; while in the port and island town of Mozambique, the capital of the province, officials and convicts from Portugal dwell in comparative indolence, and there is no attempt to reclaim the neighbouring country, or to extend beneficial rule to the natives. The ordinary traffic at this and other ports is carried on by the Banyans or Hindoo merchants from Bombay, or the Arabs from Zanzibar, bringing the Swaheli of Bagamoyo for their servants, who are employed also in the small plantations and gardens, the Portuguese themselves doing almost nothing.

It is pretty much the same at Delagoa Bay, which might, since the construction of the railway, by a company whose property was summarily confiscated, last year, for an alleged failure to complete the line at a specified date, command a good deal of up-country trade. Our correspondent, Mr. Wallis Mackay, who furnishes some additional sketches, has already described the manifold abuses and gross defects of Portuguese management at this place. The unchecked sale of spirituous liquor to the natives is a frightful cause of demoralisation,

which is sarcastically rebuked by calling the demijohns of bad gin and whisky "missionaries" in the common talk of the coast. It is melancholy to contrast the old forts and solid buildings of a former age of Portuguese colonisation with the flimsy structures of their present successors, and to behold the utter want of decent sanitary care in the state of the town of Lourenço Marques. The vexatious hindrances to steam-ship traffic and passengers, which have been noticed, further tend to prevent European intercourse with the colony; and its military and naval forces are beneath contempt. We sincerely hope that the Government of Portugal will be aroused to begin the reforms sorely needed in its East African settlements on the coast, instead of pretending to conquer the whole interior, which is far beyond its reach.

THE LATE BISHOP OF TUAM.

Our last week's Obituary recorded the death, on Jan. 31, of the Right Rev. Charles Brodrick Bernard, D.D., Bishop of Tuam



THE LATE RIGHT REV. C. B. BERNARD, D.D.,
BISHOP OF TUAM.

in the Irish Protestant Church. He was a son of the second Earl of Bandon, and was born in 1811, educated at Balliol College, Oxford, and became a clergyman. In 1867, being then Prebendary of Kilrohan, in the county of Cork, he was made Bishop of Tuam, ruling the united dioceses of Tuam, Armagh, Killala, and Achonry. He married a sister of the Earl of Carbery. We give his Portrait, from a photograph by Mr. W. Lawrence, Sackville-street, Dublin.

DISASTER ON BOARD H.M.S. BARRACOUTA.

A singular and terrible disaster with the steam-boiler of this new ship, which was making her trials of steaming at sea outside the entrance to the Thames, and in the channel near the Maplin Sands, happened on Friday, Feb. 7, when she had come down from Sheerness, and was off Margate. The engines were, as usual on such occasions, in charge of representatives of the contractors, but several dockyard and naval officials were present to watch the trials. Mr. Arthur Spyer, R.N., attended for the Engineering Department of the Admiralty; Mr. Hodgson, Chief Draughtsman, Engineering Department, for the dockyard authorities at Sheerness; and Fleet-Engineer Hall on behalf of the Medway Steam Reserve authorities. Commander J. W. Osborne, of the Medway Steam Reserve, was in charge of the ship, which was manned by a temporary crew from the Royal Naval Barracks. All went well until a quarter to nine in the morning, when a shocking accident occurred in the port stokehole. Flames issued in great volume from the furnaces, inflicting dreadful burns on the men, who could not retreat into the engine-rooms. The boilers at the time were working at a pressure of 150 lb., and a half-inch of air pressure was used with the fan engines. It is supposed that the outburst of fire was due to the sudden expansion and contraction of the tube plates, which caused an escape of water and steam into the firebox, forcing the flames out of the furnaces into the stokehole. Ten men were injured, three being in the employ of the contractors, three dockyard men, and four sailors belonging to the Royal Navy. One of these poor fellows, Henry Ovenden, a stoker, died at the Royal Naval Barracks, Sheerness, after suffering many hours. An inquest was opened on the next Monday. The other men were likely to recover. The Barracouta, recently built at Sheerness Dockyard, is one of four third-class protected cruisers, "of the improved Buzzard class, the B type," designed for the Admiralty. The others are the Barrosa, built at Portsmouth, and the Blanche and Blonde, building at Pembroke. They are constructed with a steel bottom, protected with only a single thickness of wood, for carrying the copper sheathing, the stem and sternpost being of bronze. A water-tight protective deck extends throughout the ship, having a maximum thickness of two inches. It is fitted about eighteen inches below the water-line forward and aft, but rises higher over the machinery spaces, and forms, both at the sides and ends of the spaces, a sloping deck, for greater defence against shot and shell. The amount of coal carried is 160 tons, and the fuel is so arranged as to afford additional protection.

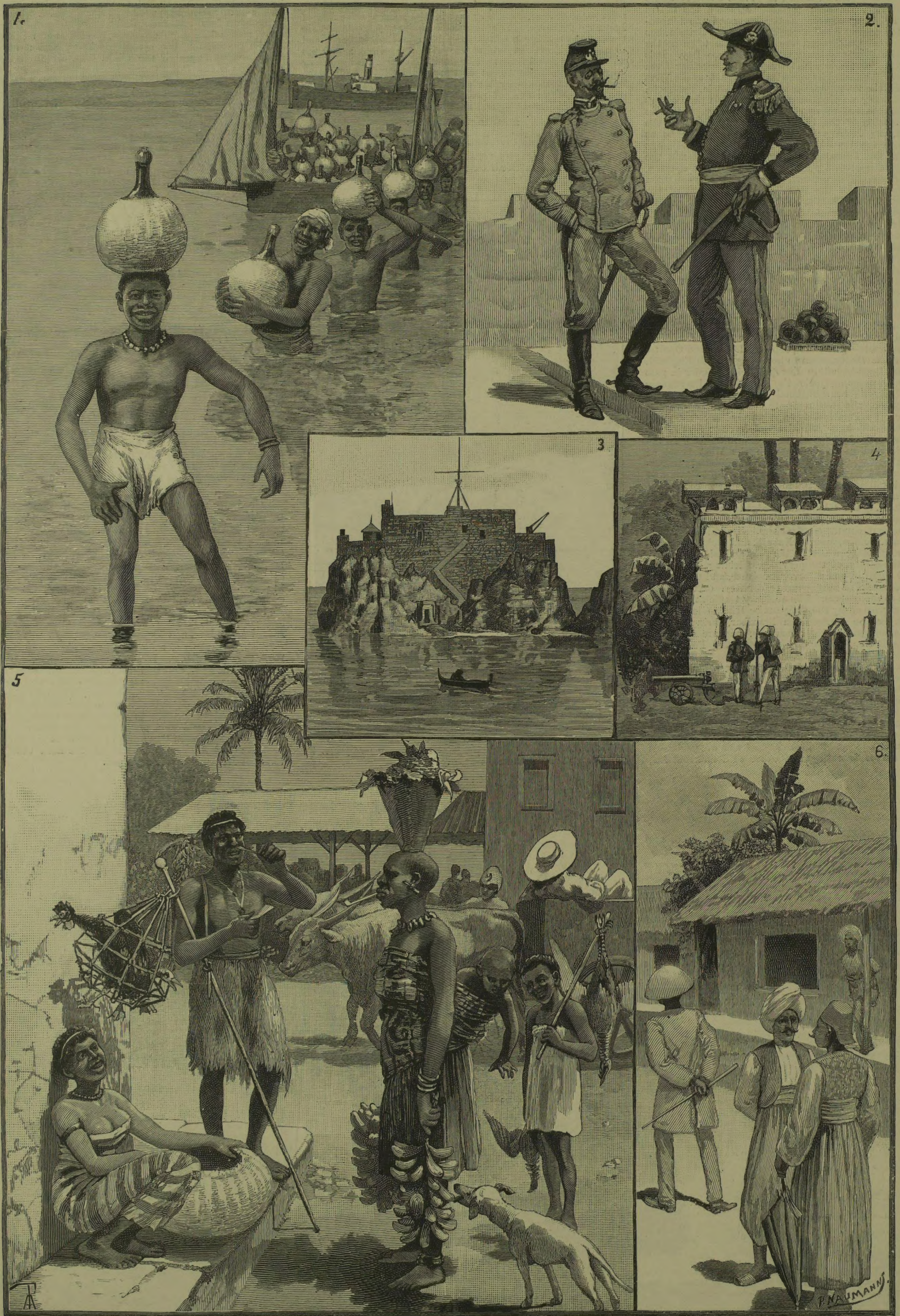
An application on behalf of The Opera, Limited, for leave to reopen Her Majesty's Theatre for a fortnight has been refused by Mr. Justice Kay, sitting in the Chancery Division.

The Board of Trade have received through the Foreign Office the undermentioned rewards, which have been granted by the Italian Government to the crew of the British steamship Brooklyn City, of Bristol, in recognition of their services in rescuing the crew of the Italian brigantine Barone Podesta, on Sept. 13, 1889: Silver medals to William Fitt, master, and William French, mate; and bronze medals to John Goddard, boatswain, and William Yen, Frank Walter, Carl Jakobson, Alfred Amundsen, and Thomas Cook, seamen.

A singular story of a diamond necklet was narrated in the High Court on Feb. 8. It was bought by a firm of West-End jewellers for £160, and sold the same day for £210 to a lady, who subsequently handed it as security for a proposed temporary loan of £100 by a money-lender. The lady changed her mind about the loan, and tried to recover her necklet; but it had been pledged for £70 to a pawnbroker, and by him sold at auction for £84 to a gentleman, who removed and used the gems. An action was brought by the lady to recover the necklet; and at the suggestion of the Lord Chief Justice, terms of settlement were arranged.



H.M.S. BARRACOUTA, ON BOARD WHICH THE DISASTROUS STEAM EXPLOSION HAPPENED OFF MARGATE.



1. Liquor Traffic: Landing Demi-johns of Gin, called "Missionaries."
2. Naval and Military Types.

3 and 4. Contrast in Past and Present Style of Building: Ancient Stone; Modern Stucco.

5. Itinerant Traders from the Hills.
6. In the Banyan (Indian Traders') Quarter.

THE PORTUGUESE AT DELAGOA BAY.—SKETCHES BY MR. WALLIS MACKAY.



DRAWN BY FRED. BARNARD.

He stooped slightly, as if he would have kissed her forehead.

ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LAST DAY BUT ONE.

THE last day but one! It always comes at length—it is bound to come—the saddest, the most sentimental of all days. The boy who leaves school—I speak of the old-fashioned boy and the ancient school—where he has been fagged and bullied and flogged, on this last day but one looks round with a choking throat upon the dingy walls and the battered desks. Even the convict who is about to be released after years of prison feels a sentimental melancholy in gazing for the last time upon the whitewashed walls. The world, which misunderstands the power of temptation and is distrustful as to the reality of repentance, will probably prove cold to him. How much more, then, when one looks around on the last day but one of a holiday! To-morrow we part. This is the last day of companionship.

Roland's holiday was to consist of a day or two, or three at the most—yet lo! the evening and the morning were the twenty-first day. There was always something new to be seen, something more to be sketched, some fresh excuse for staying in a house where this young man lived from the first as if he had been there all his life and belonged to the family. Scilly has to be seen in cloud as well as in sunshine: in wind and rain as well as in fair weather: one island had been accidentally overlooked: another must be revisited.

So the days went on, each one like the days before it, but with a difference. The weather was for the most part fine, so that they could at least sail about the islands of the Road.

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Every morning the young man got up at six and, after a bathe from Shark Point, walked all round Samson and refreshed his soul by gazing upon the Outer Islands. Breakfast over, he took a pipe in the farmyard with Justinian and Peter, who continually talked of shipwrecks and of things washed ashore. During this interval Armorel made the puddings and the cakes. When she had accomplished this delicate and responsible duty, she came out, prepared for the day. They took their dinner-basket with them, and sallied forth: in the afternoon they returned: in the evening, at seven o'clock, the table was pushed back; the old serving-people came in; the fire was stirred into animation; Armorel played the old-fashioned tunes; and the ancient lady rallied, and sat up, and talked, her mind in the past. All the days alike, yet each one differing from its neighbours. There is no monotony, though place and people remain exactly the same, when there is the semblance of variety. For, besides the discovery of so many curious and interesting islands, this fortunate young man, as we have seen, discovered that his daily companion, though so young—"only a child"—was a girl of wonderful quickness and ready sympathy. A young artist wants sympathy—it is necessary for his growth: sympathy, interest, and flattery are necessary for the artistic temperament. All these Armorel offered him in large measure, running over. She kept alive in him that faith in his own star which every artist, as well as every general, must possess. Great is the encouragement of such sympathy to the young man of ambitions: This consideration is, indeed, the principal excuse for early marriages. Three weeks of talk with such a girl—no

one else to consider or to interrupt—no permission to be sought—surely, these things made up a holiday which quite beat the record! Three whole weeks! Such a holiday should form the foundation of a lifelong friendship! Could either of them ever forget such a holiday?

Now it was all over. For very shame Roland could make no longer any excuses for staying. His sketch-book was crammed. There were materials in it for a hundred pictures—most of them might be called Studies of Armorel. She was in the boat holding the tiller, bare-headed, her hair flying in the breeze, the spray dashing into her face, and the clear blue water rushing past the boat: or she was sitting idly in the same boat lying in Grinsey Sound, with Shipman's Head behind her: or she was standing on the sea-weed at low water under the mighty rock of Castle Bryher: or she was standing upright in the low room, violin in hand, her face and figure crimsoned in the red firelight: or she was standing in the porch between the verberna-trees, the golden figure-head smiling benevolently upon her, and the old ship's lantern swinging overhead with an innocent air, as if it had never heard of a wreck and knew not how valuable a property may be a cow, judiciously treated—with a lighted lantern between its horns—on a stormy night. There were other things: sketches of bays and coves, and headlands and carns, gathered from all the islands—from Porthellick and Peninnis on St. Mary's, which everybody goes to see, to St. Werna's Cove on St. Agnes, whither no traveller ever wendeth.

A very noble time. No letters, no newspapers, no trouble of any kind: yet one cannot remain for ever even in a house

where such a permanent guest would be welcomed. Now and then, it is true, one hears how such a one went to a friend's house and stayed there. La Fontaine, Gay, and Coleridge are examples. But I have never heard, before this case, of a young man going to a house where a quite young girl, almost a child, was the mistress, and staying there. Now the end had come: he must go back to London, where all the men and most of the women have their own shows to run, and there is not enough sympathy to go round: back to what the young artist, he who has as yet exhibited little and sold nothing, calls his Work—putting a capital letter to it, like the young clergyman. Perhaps he did not understand that under the eyes of a girl who knew nothing about Art he had done really better and finer work, and had learned more, in those three weeks than in all the time that he had spent in a studio. Well: it was all over. The sketching was ended: there would be no more sailing over the blue waves of the rolling Atlantic outside the islands: no more quiet cruising in the Road: no more fishing: no more clambering among the granite rocks: no more sitting in sunny places looking out to sea, with this bright child at his side.

Alas! And no more talks with Armorel. From the first day, the child sat at his feet and became his disciple—Heloïse herself was not an apt pupil. She ardently desired to learn: like a curious child she asked him questions all day long, and received the answers as if they were gospel: but no child that he had ever known betrayed blacker gaps of ignorance than this girl of fifteen. Consider. What could she know? Other girls learn at school: Armorel's schooling was over at fourteen, when she came home from St. Mary's to her desert island. Other girls continue their education by reading books: but Armorel never read anything except voyages of the last century, which treat but little of the modern life. Other girls also learn from hearing their elders talk: but Armorel's elders never talked. Other girls, again, learn from conversation with companions: but Armorel had no companions. And they learn from the shops in the street, the people who walk about, from the church, the theatre, the shows: but Armorel had no better street than the main street of Hugh Town. And they learn from society: but this girl had none. And they learn from newspapers, magazines, and novels: but Armorel had none of these. No voice, no sound of the outer world reached Alexandra Selkirk of Samson. Juan Fernandez itself was not more cut off from men and women. Therefore, in her seclusion and her ignorance, this young man came to her like another Apollo or a Vishnu at least—a revelation of the world of which she knew nothing, and to which she never gave a thought. He opened a door and bade her look within. All she saw was a great company painting pictures and talking Art; but that was something. As for what he said, this young man ardent, she remembered and treasured all, even the lightest things, the most trivial opinions. He did not abuse her confidence. Had he been older he might have been cynical: had he not been an artist he might have been flippant: had he been a City man and a money-grub he might have shown her the sordid side of the world. Being such as he was he showed her the best and most beautiful part—the world of Art. But as for these black gaps of ignorance, most of them remained even after Roland's visit.

"Your best friend, Armorel," said her guest, "would not deny that you are ignorant of many things. You have never gone to a dinner-party or sat in a drawing-room: you cannot play lawn-tennis: you know none of the arts feminine: you cannot talk the language of Society: oh! you are a very ignorant person indeed. But then there are compensations."

"What are compensations? Things that make up? Do you mean the boat and the islands?"

"The boat is certainly something, and the islands give a flavour to life on Samson, don't they? If I were talking the usual cant I should say that the chief compensation is the absence of the hollow world and its insincere society. That is cant and humbug, because society is very pleasant, only, I suppose, one must not expect too much from it. Your real compensations, Armorel, are of another kind. You can fiddle like a jolly sailor, all of the olden time. If you were to carry that fiddle of yours on to the Common Hard at Portsea not a man among them all, even the decayed veteran who caught Nelson—the Dying Hero—in his arms, but would jump to his feet and shuffle—heel and toe, double step, back step, flourish and fling. I believe those terms are correct."

"I am so glad you think I can fiddle."

"You want only instruction in style to make you a very fine violinist. Besides, there is nothing more pleasing to look at, just now, than a girl playing the violin. It is partly fashion. Formerly it was thought graceful for a girl to play the guitar, then the harp; now it is the fiddle, when it is not the zither or the banjo. That is one compensation. There is another. I declare that I do not believe there is in all London a girl with such a genius as yours for puddings and pies, cakes and biscuits. I now understand that there is more wanted, in this confection, than industry and application. It is an art. Every art affords scope for genius born not made. The true—the really artistic—administration of spice and sugar, milk, eggs, butter, and flour requires real genius—such as yours, my child. And as to the still-room, there isn't such a thing left, I believe, in the whole world except on Samson, any more than there is a spinning-wheel. Who but yourself, Armorel, possesses the secret, long since supposed to be hopelessly lost, of composing Cyprus water, and the Divine Cordial? In this respect, you belong to a hundred years ago, when the modern ignorance was unknown. And where can I find—I should like to know—a London girl who understands cherry brandy, and can make her own blackberry wine?"

"You want to please me, Roland, because you are going away and I am unhappy." She hung her head in sadness too deep for tears. "That is why you say all these fine things. But I know that they mean very little. I am only an ignorant girl."

"I must always, out of common gratitude, want to please you. But I am only speaking the bare truth. Then there is the delicate question of dress. An ordinary man is not supposed to know anything about dress, but an artist has always to consider it. There are certainly other girls—thousands of other girls—more expensively dressed than you, Armorel; but you have the taste for costume, which is far better than any amount of costly stuff."

"Chessun taught me how to sew and how to cut out." But the assurance of this excellence brought her no comfort.

"When I am gone, Armorel, you will go on with your drawing, will you not?" It will be seen that he had endeavoured, as an Apostle of Art, to introduce its cult even on remote Samson. That was so, and not without success. The girl, he discovered, had been always making untaught attempts at drawing, and wanted nothing but a little instruction. This was a fresh discovery. "That you should have the gift of the pencil is delightful to think of. The pencil, you see, is like the Jinn—I fear you have no Jinn on Samson—who could do almost anything for those who knew how to command his obedience, but only made those people ridiculous who ignorantly tried to order him around. If you go on drawing every day I am sure you will learn how to make that Jinn obedient. I will send you, when I get home, some simple books for your

guidance. Promise, child, that you will not throw away this gift."

"I will draw every day," she replied obediently, but with profound dejection.

"Then there is your reading. You must read something. I have looked through your shelves, and have picked out some books for you. There is a volume of Cowper and of Pope, and an old copy of the *Spectator*, and there is Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village.'"

"I will read anything you wish me to read," she replied.

"I will send you some more books. You ought to know something about the world of to-day. Addison and Goldsmith will not teach you that. But I don't know what to send you. Novels are supposed to represent life; but then they presuppose a knowledge of the world, to begin with. You want an account of modern society as it is, and the thing does not exist. I will consider about it."

"I will read whatever you send me. Roland, when I have read all the books and learned to draw, shall I have grown to my full height? Remember what you said about yourself."

"I don't know, Armorel. It is not reading. But"—He left the sentence unfinished.

"Who is to tell me—on Samson?" she asked.

In the afternoon of this day Roland planted his easel on the plateau of the northern hill, where the barrows are, and put the last touches to the sketch which he afterwards made into the first picture which he ever exhibited. It appeared in the Grosvenor of '85: of course everybody remembers the picture, which attracted a very respectable amount of attention. It was called the "Daughter of Lyonesse." It represented a maiden in the first blossom of womanhood, tall and shapely. She was dressed in a robe of white wool thrown over her left shoulder and gathered at the waist by a simple belt of brown leather: a white linen vest was seen below the wool: round her neck was a golden torque: behind her was the setting sun: she stood upon the highest of a low pile of granite boulders, round the feet of which were spread the yellow branches of the fern and the faded flowers of the heather: she shaded her eyes from the sun with her left hand and looked out to sea. She was bareheaded: the strong breeze lifted her long black hair and blew it from her shoulders: her eyes were black and her complexion was dark. Behind her and below her was the splendour of sun and sky and sea, with the Western Islands rising black above the golden waters.

The sketch showed the figure, but the drapery was not complete: as yet it was a study of light and colour and a portrait.

"I don't quite know," said the painter, thoughtfully, "whether you ought not to wear a purple chiton: Phœnician trade must have brought Phœnician luxuries to Lyonesse. Your ancestors were tin-men—rich miners—no doubt the ladies of the family went dressed in the very, very best. I wonder whether in those days the King's daughter was barefooted. The *caliga*, I think, the leather sandal, would have been early introduced into the royal family on account of the spikiness of the fern in autumn and the thorns of the gorse all the year round. The slaves and common people, of course, would have to endure the thorns."

He continued his work while he talked, Armorel making no reply, enacting the model with zeal.

"It is a strange sunset," he went on, as if talking to himself. "A day of clouds, but in the west a broad belt of blue low down in the horizon: in the midst of the belt the sun flaming crimson: on either hand the sky aglow, but only in the belt of clear: above is the solid cloud, grey and sulky, receiving none of the colour: below is also the solid, sulky cloud, but under the sun there spreads out a fan of light which strikes the waters and sets them aflame in a long broad road from the heavens to your feet, O child of Lyonesse. Outside this road of light the waters are dull and gloomy: in the sky, the coloured belt of light fades gradually into soft yellows, clear greens, and azure blues. A strange sunset! A strange effect of light! Armorel, you see your life: it is prefigured by the light. Overhead the sky is grey and colourless: where the glow of the future does not lie on the waters they are grey and colourless. Nothing around you but the waste of grey sea: before you black rocks—life is always full of black rocks: and beyond, the splendid sun—soft, warm, and glowing. You shall interpret that in your own way."

Armorel listened, standing motionless, her left hand shading her eyes.

"If the picture," he went on, "comes out as I hope it may, it will be one of those that suggest many things. Every good picture, Armorel, as well as every good poem, suggests. It is like that statue of Christ which is always taller than the tallest man. Nobody can ever get above the thought and soul of a good picture or a good poem. There is always more in it than the wisest man knows. That is the proof of genius. That is why I long all day for the mysterious power of putting into my work the soul of everyone who looks upon it—as well as my own soul. When you come to stand before a great picture, Armorel, perhaps you will understand what I mean. You will find your heart agitated with strange emotions—you will leave it with new thoughts. When you go away from your desert island, remember every day to read a piece of great verse, to look upon a great picture, and to hear a piece of great music. As for these suggested thoughts, you will not perhaps be able to put them into words. But they will be there."

Still, Armorel made no reply. It was as if he were talking to a statue.

"I have painted you," he said, "with the golden torque round your neck: the red gold is caught by the sunshine: as for your dress, I think it must be a white woollen robe—perhaps a border of purple—but I don't know—There are already heaps of colour—colour of sky and of water, of the granite with the yellow lichen and of brown and yellow fern and of heather faded—No—you shall be all in white, Armorel. No dress so sweet for a girl as white. A vest of white linen made by yourself from your own spinning-wheel, up to the throat and covering the right shoulder. Are you tired, child?"

"No—I like to hear you talk."

"I have nearly done—in fact," he leaned back and contemplated his work with the enthusiasm which is to a painter what the glow of composition is to the writer, "I have done all I can until I go home. The sun of Scilly hath a more golden glow in September than the sun of St. John's-wood. If I have caught aright—or something like it—the light that is around you and about you, Armorel—. The sun in your left hand is like the red light of the candle through the closed fingers. So—I can do no more—Armorel! you are all glorious within and without. You are indeed the King's Daughter: you are clothed with the sun as with a garment: if the sun were to disappear this moment, you would stand upon the Peak, for all the island to admire—a flaming beacon!"

His voice was jubilant—he had done well. Yet he shaded his eyes and looked at canvas and at model once more with jealousy and suspicion. If he had passed over something! It was an ambitious picture—the most ambitious thing he had yet attempted.

"Armorel!" he cried. "If I could only paint as well as

I can see! Come down, child; you are good indeed to stand so long and so patiently."

She obeyed and jumped off her eminence, and stood beside him looking at the picture.

"Tell me what you think," said the painter. "You see—it is the King's daughter. She stands on a peak in Lyonesse and looks forth upon the waters. Why? I know not. She seeks the secrets of the future, perhaps. She looks for the coming of the Perfect Knight, perhaps. She expects the Heaven that waits for every maiden—in this world as well as in the next. Everyone may interpret the picture for himself. She is young—everything is possible to the young. Tell me, Armorel, what do you think?"

She drew a long breath. "A—h!" she murmured. "I have never seen anything like this before. It is not me you have painted, Roland. You say it is a picture of me—just to please and flatter me. There is my face, yet not my face. All is changed. Roland, when I am grown to my full height, shall I look like this?"

"If you do, when that day comes, I shall be proved to be a painter indeed," he replied. "If you had seen nothing but yourself—your own self—and no more, I would have burnt the thing. Now you give me hopes."

Afterwards, Armorel loved best to remember him as he stood there beside this unfinished picture, glowing with the thought that he had done what he had attempted. The soul was there.

Out of the chatter of the studio, the endless discussions of style and method, he had come down to this simple spot, to live for three weeks, cut off from the world, with a child who knew nothing of these things. He came at a time when his enthusiasm for his work was at its fiercest: that is, when the early studies are beginning to bear fruit, when the hand has acquired command of the pencil and can control the brush, and when the eye is already trained to colour. It was at a time when the young artist refuses to look at any but the greatest work, and refuses to dream of any future except that of the greatest and noblest work. It is a splendid thing to have had, even for a short time, these dreams and these enthusiasms.

"The picture is finished," said Armorel, "and to-morrow you will go away and leave me." The tears welled up in her eyes. Why should not the child cry for the departure of this sweet friend?

"My dear child," he said, "I cannot believe that you will stay for ever on this desert island."

"I do not want to leave the island. I want to keep you here. Why don't you stay altogether, Roland? You can paint here. Have we made you happy? Are you satisfied with our way of living? We will change it for you, if you wish."

"No—no—it is not that. I must go home. I must go back to my work. But I cannot bear to think of you left alone with these old people, with no companions and no friends. The time will come when you will leave the place and go away somewhere—where people live and talk."

He reflected that if he went away it might be among people ignorant of Art and void of culture. This beautiful child, who might have been a Princess—she was only a flower-farmer of the Scilly Islands. What could she hope or expect?

"I do not want to go into the world," she went on. "I am afraid, because I am so ignorant. People would laugh at me. I would rather stay here always, if you were with me. Then we would do nothing but sail and row and go fishing: and you could paint and sketch all the time."

"It is impossible, Armorel. You talk like a child. In a year or two you will understand that it is impossible. Besides, we should both grow old. Think of that. Think of two old people going about sailing among the islands for ever. I, like Justinian Tryeth, bald and bowed and wrinkled: you, like Dorcas—no, no; you could never grow like Dorcas: you shall grow serenely, beautifully old."

"What would that matter?" she replied. "Some day, even, one of us would die. What would that matter, either, because we should only be parted by a year or two? Oh! whether we are old or young the sea never grows old, nor the hills and rocks—and the sunshine is always the same. And when we die there will be a new heaven and a new earth—you can read it in the Book of Revelations—but no more sea, no more sea. That I cannot understand. How could angels and saints be happy without the sea? If one lives among people in towns I dare say it may be disagreeable to grow old, and perhaps to look ugly like poor Dorcas, but not, no, not when one lives in such a place as this."

"Where did you get your wisdom, Armorel?"

"Is that wisdom?"

"When I go away, my chief regret will be that I kept talking to you about myself. Men are selfish pigs. We should have talked about nothing but you. Then I should have learned a great deal. See how we miss our opportunities."

"No; no; I had nothing to tell you. And you had such a great deal to tell me. It was you who taught me that everybody ought to try to grow to his full height."

"Did I? It was only a passing thought. Such things occur to one, sometimes."

She sat down on a boulder and crossed her hands in her lap, looking at him seriously and gravely with her great black eyes.

"Now," she said, "I want to be very serious. It is my last chance. Roland, I am resolved that I will try to grow to my full height. You are going away to-morrow, and I shall have no one to advise me. Give me all the help you can before you go."

"What help can I give you, Armorel?"

"I have been thinking. You have told me all about yourself. You are going to be a great artist: you will give up all your life to your work: when you have grown as tall as you can everybody will congratulate you, and you will be proud and happy. But who is to tell me? How shall I know when I am grown to my full height?"

"You have got something more in your mind, Armorel."

"Give me a model, Roland. You always paint from a model yourself—you told me so. Now, think of the very best actual girl of all the girls you know—the most perfect girl, mind: she must be a girl that I can remember and try to copy. I must have something to think of and go by, you know."

"The very best actual girl I know?" he laughed, with a touch of the abominable modern cynicism which no longer believes in girls. "That wouldn't help you much, I am afraid. You see, Armorel, I should not look to the actual girls I know for the best girl at all. There is, however,"—he pulled his shadowy moustache, looking very wise—"a most wonderful girl—I confess that I have never met her, but I have heard of her: the poets keep talking about her—and some of the novelists are fond of drawing her; I have heard of her, read of her, and dreamed of her. Shall I tell you about her?"

"If you please—that is, if she can become my model."

"Perhaps. She is quite a possible girl, Armorel, like yourself. That is to say, a girl who may really develop out of certain qualities. As for actual girls, there are any number

whom one knows in a way—one can distinguish them—I mean by their voices, their faces, and their figures and so forth. But as for knowing anything more about them”—

“Tell me, then, about the girl whom you do know, though you have never seen her.”

“I will if I can. As for her face—now”—

“Never mind her face,” she interrupted impatiently.

“Never mind her face, as you say. Besides, you can look in the glass if you want to know her face.”

“Yes. That will do,” said Armored, simply. “Now go on.”

“First of all then, she is always well dressed, beautifully dressed, and with as much taste as the silly fashion of the day allows. A woman, you know, though she is the most beautiful creature in the whole of animated nature, can never afford to do without the adornments of dress. It does not much matter how a man goes dressed. He only dresses for warmth. In any dress and in any rags a handsome man looks well. But not a woman. Her dress either ruins her beauty or it heightens it. A woman must always and at all ages look as beautiful as she can. Therefore, she arranges her clothes so as to set off her beauty when she is young: to make her seem still beautiful when she is past her youth: and to hide the ravages of time when she is old. That is the first thing which I remark about this girl. Of course, she doesn't dress as if her father was a Silver King. Such a simple stuff as your grey nun's cloth, Armored, is good enough to make the most lovely dress.”

“She is always well dressed,” his pupil repeated. “That is the first thing.”

“She is accomplished, of course,” Roland added airily, as if accomplishments were as easy to pick up as the blue and grey shells on Porth Bay. “She understands music and plays on some instrument. She knows about art of all kinds—art in painting, sculptures, decorations, poetry, literature, music. She can talk intelligently about art. And she has trained her eye so that she knows good work. She is never carried away by shams and humbug.”

“She has trained her eye and knows good work,” Armored repeated.

“Above all she is sympathetic. She does not talk so as to show how clever she is, but to bring out the best points of the man she is talking with. Yet when men leave her they forget what they have said themselves, and only remember how much this girl seems to know.”

“Seems to know?” Armored looked up.

“One woman cannot know everything. But a clever woman will know about everything that belongs to her own set. We all belong to our own set, and every set talks its own language—scientific, artistic, whatever it is. This girl does not pretend to enter into the arena; but she knows the rules of the game, and talks accordingly. She is always intelligent, gracious, and sympathetic.”

“She is intelligent, gracious, and sympathetic,” Armored repeated. “Is she gracious to everybody, even to people she does not like?”

“In society,” said Roland, “we like everybody. We are all perfectly well bred and well behaved; we always say the kindest things about each other.”

“Now you are saying one thing and meaning another. That is like your friend Dick Stephenson. Don't, Roland.”

“Well, then, I have very little more to say. This girl, however, is always a woman's woman.”

“What is that?”

“Difficult to explain. A wise lady once advised me when I went courting, first to make quite sure that the girl was a woman's woman. I think she meant that other girls should speak and think well of her. I haven't always remembered the advice, it is true, but”—Here he stopped short and in some confusion, remembering that this was not an occasion for plenary confession.

But Armored only nodded gravely. “I shall remember,” she said.

“The rest you know. She loves everything that is beautiful and good. She hates everything that is coarse and ugly. That is all.”

“Thank you—I shall remember,” she repeated. “Roland, you must have thought a good deal about girls to know so much.”

He blushed: he really did. He blushed a rich and rosy red.

“An artist, you know,” he said, “has to draw beautiful girls. Naturally he thinks of the lovely soul behind the lovely face. These things are only commonplace. You yourself, Armored—you—will shame me, presently—when you have grown to that full height—for drawing a picture so insufficient of the Perfect Woman.”

He stooped slightly, as if he would have kissed her forehead. Why not? She was but a child. But he refrained.

“Let us go home,” he said, with a certain harshness in his voice. “The sun is down. The clouds have covered up the belt of blue. You have seen your splendid future, Armored, and you are back in the grey and sunless present. It grows cold. To-morrow, I think, we may have rain. Let us go home, child: let us go home.”

(To be continued.)

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART., M.P., F.R.S.

Some discerning compiler of historical and biographical sketches might easily arrange a volume grouping together a dozen or a score of bankers, Italian, French, Swiss, German, and English, whose literary, scientific, or political accomplishments have won renown. Beginning with Lorenzo dei Medici, we presently think of Roscoe, then of Samuel Rogers, and certainly of Grote, not to mention another contemporary, the late Samuel Sharpe. There is a crowd of English bankers, London and provincial, who were distinguished scholars, though seldom educated at Oxford or Cambridge, and Mr. Goschen is not the first City man who has proved an able Minister of Finance. Lombard-street is classic ground, as propitious to the studies of poetry, philosophy, and history, to the pursuits of the belles-lettres, science, and statesmanship, as the Temple or the official quarter of Whitehall. The subject of our present notice, Sir John Lubbock, Bart., a Fellow of the Royal Society, M.P. for the University of London, is a naturalist, an author, a member of the Legislature, and a Lombard-street banker. He was born in London, April 30, 1834, son of Sir John William Lubbock, the third Baronet, who was a mathematician and astronomer; and whose essay on “The Theory of Probabilities,” anticipating some of the calculations of Quetelet and De Morgan, his treatises on the Lunar Theory, on the Tides, and on the Perturbation of the Planets, are highly esteemed. He was many years Treasurer and Vice-President of the Royal Society. The founder of the family in London, John Lubbock, son of the Rev. William Lubbock, a Norfolk clergyman, Rector of Lamas, acquired wealth as a merchant, established the bank, and in 1806 was created a Baronet. He was succeeded, in 1816, by his nephew, the second Baronet, whose only son, father of the present Sir John Lubbock, was head of the house from 1840 to his death, in 1865. The firm is now styled “Robarts, Lubbock, and Co.”; and as a junior clerk in his father's business, at the early age of fourteen, after a few years' schooling at Eton, without the advantage of further academical instruction, John Lubbock commenced his training for City work, passing his leisure time at his father's country house, High Elms, near Farnborough, in Kent. In 1856 he married a daughter of the Rev. Peter Hordern, of Chorlton-cum-Hardy, near Manchester, by whom and his second wife, daughter of General H. Lane-Fox Pitt Rivers, married in 1884, he has several sons and daughters.

His residence in Kent being near that of the late Mr. Darwin, the intellectual curiosity of John Lubbock, in early youth, was powerfully influenced by constant intercourse with the greatest of modern naturalists. He was then led to direct his attention mainly to the structure, habits, and development of insects and of crustacea, becoming a minute observer of wasps, bees, and ants, investigating the fertilisation of flowers by the aid of insects, and various problems of comparative zoology in the structure of lower forms of animal life. Some of his researches may be regarded as supplementary to those of Darwin, and were contributed, during many years, to the transactions of the Entomological and Linnæan Societies and of the Royal Society, and to different scientific journals. He has also lectured on these subjects at the Royal Institution, read papers to the British Association, and written books, such as “The Origin and Metamorphoses of Insects” and “Wild Flowers, considered in Relation to Insects,” besides a treatise on “The Thysanura and Collembola,” published by the Ray Society. From zoology, in accordance with the tendency of Darwinian doctrine, it was a ready transition to anthropology; and the position of controversy regarding the “Antiquity of Man” led to archaeological investigations. Sir John Lubbock therefore examined the famous shell-mounds and ancient refuse-heaps, irreverently called “kitchen middens,” on the coast of Denmark, the human relics in the gravel-beds of the Somme, the bone-caves of the Dordogne, the lake dwellings built on piles in Switzerland, and the contents of numerous public and private museums, on which he reported in the *Natural History Review*. He lectured at the Royal Institution in 1868 on these subjects, which he has discussed more completely in two important books—“Prehistoric Times, as illustrated by Ancient Remains and the Manners and Customs of Modern Savages,” published in 1865; and “The Origin of Civilisation and the Primitive Condition of Man,” in 1870—works of renown inferior only to those of Darwin for their wide effect on European opinion, having been translated into almost every Continental language, and having gone through many editions. Sir John Lubbock, who has also edited Svend Nilsson's work on “The Stone Age of Sweden,” and has written at least sixty or seventy papers for different learned societies, is honoured, of course, with numerous distinctions conferred by them. He is F.R.S., ex-President of the Entomological and the Ethnological Societies, and of the Anthropological Institute; has been Vice-President of the British Association of Science, of the Royal Society, and of the Linnæan Society; is a Fellow of the Geological Society and the Society of Antiquaries; and D.C.L. of the University of Oxford, LL.D. of Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Dublin, besides various foreign titles.

His Parliamentary career has been one of practical usefulness. It began in 1870 with his election for Maidstone, after being an unsuccessful candidate for West Kent in 1865 and in 1868; in the latter year he was also nominated for London University, but retired in favour of Mr. Lowe. From 1870 to 1880 Sir John Lubbock sat for Maidstone, being re-elected in a stiff contest in 1874; but since June 1880 he has represented the University, his supporters in that election comprising the most eminent living men of science in England; he had previously been Vice-Chancellor of the University for six years. He has always been a consistent Liberal, and is now a decided Liberal Unionist. Six or seven legislative measures, not of a party character, have been introduced and carried by Sir John Lubbock: the celebrated Bank Holiday Act; the Acts for the amendment of the Constitution of the Apothecaries' Company, and of the Royal College of Surgeons; the Bankers' Book Evidence Act; an Act to amend the law relating to falsification of accounts; the Absconding Debtors' Act; an Act concerning medical examinations and degrees of the University of London; and the Act for the preservation of ancient monuments. He has also been a member of the Public Schools Commission, of the International Coinage Commission, and of the Commission of Inquiry on the Advancement of Science, a trustee of the British Museum, one of the Senate of the London University, and active in other public work. As a leading member of the London Bankers' Association, of which he was honorary secretary, Sir John Lubbock has rendered many services to the conduct of their business, especially in extending the operations of the Clearing House, for the exchange of cheques and daily mutual adjustment of payments between the banks, to the country banks as well as those in London; he has also promoted a scheme of examination, conducted by the City of London College, for bankers' clerks and those of joint-stock companies. He is a magistrate for the county of Kent.

The Portrait of Sir John Lubbock, presented (this week as an Extra Supplement, is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliot and Fry, Baker-street.

BROUSSA, IN ASIA MINOR.

The ancient city of Broussa, the second city in population, in Asia Minor, next after Smyrna, is famous for three things: it was the refuge of Hannibal, after his defeat; it was the first capital of the Turkish Sultans, six of whom were buried there; and its hot mineral springs have been celebrated for their curative properties from the most remote antiquity. From this city, which is situated on the slope of the Bithynian Olympus, only seventy miles from Constantinople, on a clear day the snowy summits of the mountains are distinctly visible, for their height is 6400 ft. above the plain. The journey from Constantinople is but of seven hours and a half by steamer over the Gulf of Marmora, the rest by carriage from Mondania, the port of Broussa, over fourteen miles of fine macadamised road through lovely scenery. Our bird's-eye view may give some idea of the exuberant vegetation which surrounds Broussa and the slopes of Mount Olympus, covered to near the snowy summit with trees of the deepest green. Below are wild roses and other flowers perfuming the pathways, and the groves are made vocal by the nightingales which haunt them in the springtime.

Through the Hissar Gate, a portal cut through the thick and rugged wall, can be obtained a striking view of part of the city, with the minarets and cupolas of the mosque of Oulou Djami. There is a suburb outside Broussa which is called Set Bachi, where we have a view of another famous mosque, the Yeshil Djami, or “Green Mosque,” so called because its cupola and minaret are of enamelled green. The city is supposed to number about 40,000 inhabitants; but census-taking is a desperate operation in the Turkish dominions, and, when attempted, is unreliable owing to the unwillingness of Governors to reveal the true number of taxable residents. It is stated that modern Broussa can boast of fifty-four spinning factories, employing hundreds of women, producing world-renowned silks and tissues, as well as the Turkish towelling as used for the bath. The primitive hand-loom of an earlier day are still busily worked in private houses, and, though the machinery is rude, the work is very fine. Since the Eastern disturbances a steady immigration of Bulgarian refugees (Mohammedans) has passed into Turkey, and the larger portion has been colonised on the plain of Broussa, which is twenty miles long by five broad. These immigrants have introduced the rose culture and its products—as well as the embroideries which now find a ready market in Europe.

Broussa was founded two centuries before the Christian era, by Prusias, King of Bithynia, from whom it took its name, subsequently corrupted into “Broussa.” It became a Roman or Græco-Roman city, and fell into the hands of the Turcomans, after a ten-years siege, in the year 1327 A.D.; and here the first six Turkish Sultans have their tombs, which are visited with devout veneration by “the Faithful.” In fact, Broussa is regarded almost as a Holy City; and the grandeur of its mosques equals, if it does not surpass, many of those in Constantinople. As specimens of the early Turkish architecture, Saracenic in their type, there is nothing in the East precisely like them, and the tiles which line the interior are of wonderful beauty and variety of colours. The largest mosque is the Oulou Djami, in the centre of the city. It is a square building, measuring 300 ft. each way, divided into twenty-eight compartments, over each of which, except the central one, is a separate dome. Its walls are lined with rare and beautiful tiles, and adorned with gilded inscriptions from the Koran. What would be termed the pulpit in a Christian church, from which the Ulema read passages of the Koran, is of oak, richly carved with arabesque devices.

The tombs of the early Sultans are also marvels of rich tracery and imposing magnificence, draped on top in the richest Cashmere shawls. Those of the first Sultan, Ghazi Osman, and of the second, his son Orkhan, are among the finest, in which the richness of the arabesques surpasses description. Splendidly illuminated copies of the Koran are deposited in a box at the side of each tomb.

The will of the founder of the Osmanli Empire, Ghazi Osman, who is buried here, gives this catalogue of his worldly goods, as recorded by the Turkish historian: “He left neither gold nor silver; only a spoon, a saltcellar, an embroidered caftan (or cloak) and a new turban, some flags of red muslin, a stable full of excellent horses, several yoke of oxen for the labour of the field, and choice flocks of sheep”—the progenitors of those which now graze on the slopes of Olympus. We may contrast these modest possessions with the prodigalities of his late successors at Constantinople.

His son Orkhan, who was the first successor, was a man of much the same stamp, and it was he who established the first medresseh, or college, in the Ottoman Empire, as well as charitable institutions, and villages for the benefit of refugees, existing to the present day. This city of Broussa contains also the tombs of several Princesses and wives of Sultans, ladies who adorned the province with important public buildings and charitable institutions.

Earl Manvers on Feb. 7 turned the first turf in connection with the making of a new line by the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company from Beighton Junction to Chesterfield.

The Board of Trade have received through the Foreign Office a silver medal and diploma which have been awarded by the Italian Government to Mr. David Evans, master of the ship Kafir Chief, of Yarmouth, in recognition of his services in rescuing the shipwrecked crew of the brigantine Ottone, of Genoa, which was abandoned 230 miles from Pernambuco on Sept. 7 last.

For many years past the St. Giles's Christian Mission to Discharged Prisoners has been largely assisting hopeful cases of discharged prisoners as they step from the prison gates. For this purpose it has stations outside the four London prisons for men, and provided breakfast for 16,000 out of the 20,000 prisoners discharged last year, besides inducing nearly 5000 to sign the temperance pledge. From meeting the men in this way there has grown a most comprehensive work, so much so that the doors of the mission-house are besieged every day by discharged prisoners from all parts of the kingdom. Besides the work among men, boys who have been charged with their first offence are continually being handed over to their care by Judges and Magistrates, instead of being convicted, and are thus saved from the taint of a prison life. These two branches compel them to support three homes—one in Brooke-street for men, the others for boys. All this means heavy expenditure, and they are now considerably behindhand in their finances, so that it is now imperative for them to get £1500 within a few weeks, or abandon at least some part of their work. It has been acknowledged that these efforts have been a decided national boon by such men as the Chief Commissioner of Police, Mr. J. Monro, C.B.; most of the Judges, Magistrates, and prison officials; and, indeed, by all who have any right to speak on the subject. Donations will be most thankfully acknowledged if sent to the treasurer, Mr. F. A. Bevan, of 54, Lombard-street, E.C.; to the secretary, Mr. W. Wheatley, 29, Brooke-street, Holborn; or to the secretary of the mission, Mr. George Hatton, 4, Ampton-street, W.C.

Mr. W. A. Hunter, M.P., has been presented with the freedom of Aberdeen, of which city he is a native, in recognition of his efforts in obtaining free education for Scotland.

The parish church of Ingleton, Yorkshire, has received a fine stained-glass window, by Mayer and Co., in memory of the late Rev. Richard Denny, B.A., for twenty-nine years the faithful Pastor of this parish, and the founder of its school.

A paper on the Utility of Forests and the Study of Forestry was read by Dr. W. Schlich (Professor of Forestry at the Royal College of Engineering, Cooper's-hill) before the Indian section of the Society of Arts, on Feb. 7. The chair was taken by Major-General Michael, C.S.I. In the discussion which followed the reading of the paper Sir C. Bernard, Mr. Baden-Powell, Sir Joseph Fayrer, and other gentlemen took part.

At a meeting of the Forth Bridge Railway Company a report was read which stated that the capital created—namely, £2,125,000—had been called up, and that the total expenditure upon the bridge had exceeded £3,177,000. The directors had no doubt the bridge would be quite ready for traffic when the Prince of Wales opened it on March 4, and the railways approaching it would also be in working order by that time. The meeting resolved to raise £200,000 additional capital.

At the annual court of Governors of the Marine Society, the Earl of Romney in the chair, the committee reported that 316 boys had been admitted to the Warspite training ship during the year, making the number of inmates 515, of whom 262 had been sent into the merchant service and twenty-one to the Royal Navy. Twenty-seven were discharged to their homes, and there remained on board and at the agents' 205. At the close of the past year the number of poor lads fed, clothed, and trained by the Marine Society (the parent and pioneer of training ships) since its foundation amounted to 61,191. Of this number 27,379 had been drafted into the Royal Navy.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF BROUSSA.



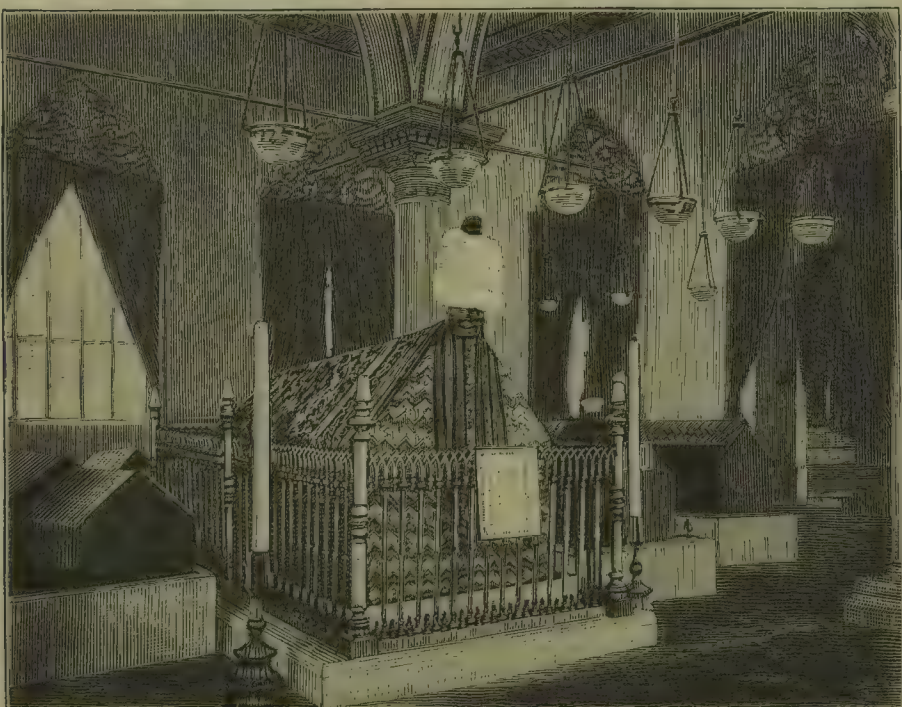
SET BACHI, AND MOSQUE OF YESHIL DJAMI.



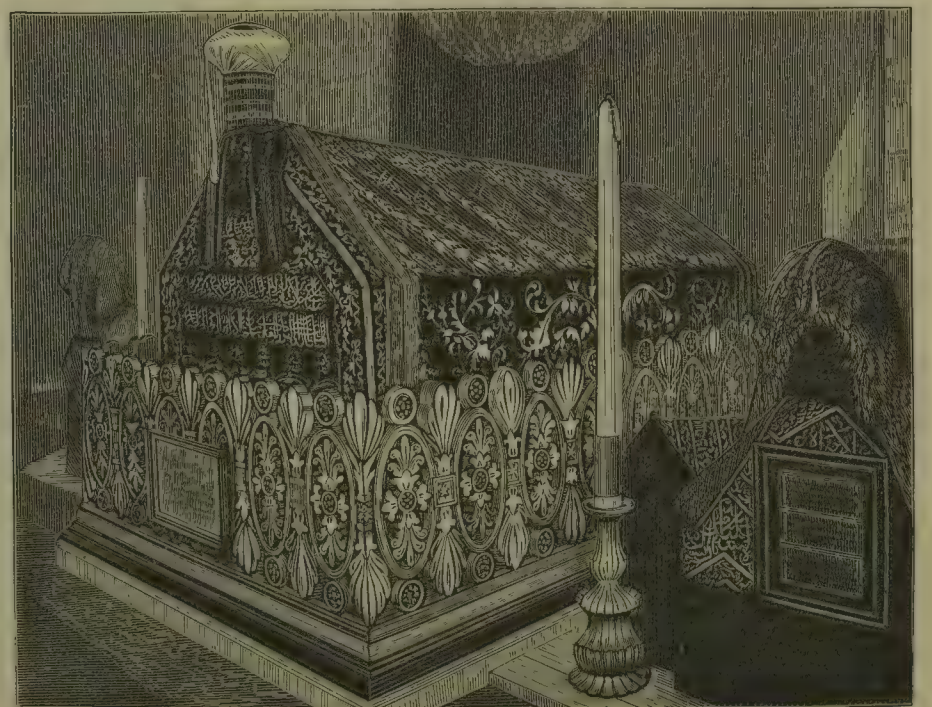
THE HISSAR GATE.



MOSQUE OF OULOU DJAMI.



TOMB OF SULTAN ORKHAN.



TOMB OF GHAZI OSMAN, THE FIRST SULTAN.

BROUSSA, IN ASIA MINOR, THE ANCIENT TURKISH CAPITAL.



BETWEEN THE ACTS.

DRAWN BY W. RAINEY.

NOVELS.

Kit and Kitty: A Story of West Middlesex. By R. D. Blackmore. Three vols. (Sampson Low and Co.)—English rural life and domestic manners are Mr. Blackmore's special domain as a novelist; and, though his romance of "Lorna Doone" was most successful as a romance, he seems more at home in the fruit-growing districts of the Home Counties than on Exmoor or Dartmoor. As description, nothing can be better than his scenes in and about the pleasant orchard and market-garden at Sunbury, and in the adjacent villages or hamlets on the banks of the Thames, and on the borders of Hounslow Heath. The character, habits, and thoughts of the sturdy old uncle, Cornelius Orchardson, a thrifty local cultivator of produce for Covent-Garden Market, are vigorously and naturally portrayed. His nephew Christopher, the hero and narrator of this adventurous love-story, is a manly young fellow, true-hearted and rather simple-minded, with a slight flavour of literary and poetical tastes, but cheerfully industrious, day by day, in tending the fruit-trees of an artificial Eden behind substantial brick walls. For this modest and faithful young "Kit," and properly for him alone, Nature and the world have provided a charming young "Kitty," who quickly responds to his affection, and their mutual attachment is never lessened, but some wicked people try to keep them asunder. She is the motherless daughter of a retired Captain Fairthorn of the Royal Navy, who has become an eminent Professor of Electricity, and is addicted to marine biology and other physical sciences. Her father, absorbed in these studies, and feebly yielding to those about him, has unhappily contracted a second marriage to the supposed widow of a disreputable scion of nobility, the Hon. Tom Bulwrag, who is believed to have died in South America, leaving a selfish, unscrupulous son, Donovan Bulwrag, and two unattractive daughters. The deluded Captain or Professor has been persuaded to surrender nearly all his property to this grasping and domineering second wife, and Mrs. Fairthorn, "the Hon. Mrs. Bulwrag Fairthorn," now treats him with haughty contempt. Hating and persecuting Kitty, this atrocious step-mother's cruelty is, however, less obnoxious than the insolent pursuit of her by Donovan Bulwrag; and from these dragons the sweet girl has to be rescued by the valiant youth of Sunbury. She was staying with her aunt, Miss Coldpepper, at the Manorhouse near that village, when Kit Orchardson first saw her at church, loved her, and was soon able to tell his love, vowing to win and protect her for life. Nor was it long before he gained her father's approval. But this was only the beginning of troubles; for the profligate Donovan, usually called "Downy" by his associates on the racecourse and in gambling-clubs, contrives with one Sir Cumberleigh Hotchpot to kidnap the young lady and carry her off to a lone cottage on Hounslow Heath, intending to force her into a marriage, having discovered that she is legal heiress to £60,000. She is rescued from this perilous confinement by the shrewdness and courage of Bill Tompkins, a labourer in Uncle Corny's service who happens to be driving his cart that way; after which a refuge is prepared for her at Leatherhead, in Surrey, at the house of Miss Parslow, Kit's own respectable maiden aunt. As for Kit, in the meanwhile, he is laid up with fever, almost like to die, in consequence of losing his way and falling into a snowdrift in a long midnight walk from London; but when he gets strong again, Kitty and he are duly married in Sunbury Church. The worst troubles are yet to come, when Captain Fairthorn, immediately after giving his daughter to Kit, has started on a long voyage to the South Pacific Ocean in H.M.S. Archytas, to investigate the natural history of the deep sea. Good little Kitty, when she has been Kit's wife scarcely a month, is suddenly missing from her new and happy home close to the market-garden, and there is not a word or sign of where she is gone. The anxiety, the grief, the suspicions, the researches, the vain appeals to Mrs. Bulwrag, to Donovan, to Miss Coldpepper, and to other persons, for some explanation, keep up a distressing ordeal of Kit's enduring affection. He is much assisted in the long and difficult inquiry by his friend Sam Henderson, a cunning trainer of racehorses, who puts him in the way of employing a noted turf and stable spy, as a detective, on the track of "Downy" Fairthorn. The mystery of Kitty's disappearance is ultimately cleared up, but in a manner unsatisfactory to common sense and just notions of the conduct of a good young wife; for would or could she leave her husband, and join her father in a distant expedition, on the ground of a forged letter stating that her husband was insane from hydrophobia, and that her life was not safe with him? Or would she go, fancying only that Kit was tired of her, when her father sent for her to come on board his ship? Vengeance on the wicked stepmother and her son must not be omitted; but it comes in the grotesquely hideous shape of her first husband, the Hon. Tom Bulwrag, returning alive, or half dead, a horrible leper, further depraved by mixing with savages and pirates, till he and Donovan shoot each other on the garden lawn at West Kensington, and the lady goes mad. These wild closing incidents, with much else that is forced and fantastically absurd in the plot, are sadly unworthy of a writer like Mr. Blackmore, whose shrewdly humorous observation of common rustic life has earned public favour.

The New Prince Fortunatus. By William Black. Three vols. (Sampson Low and Co.)—The successful authorship of twenty popular novels has made Mr. Black pretty sure of the kind of characters and incidents most readily at his command. His skill and tact in dealing with these could scarcely be improved; and no writer is more expert in representing the contrasts of fashionable London society, or even of harmless "Bohemian" life in London, with scenes of exhilarating sport on the moors and waters of the Scottish Highlands. This alternation comes so easily with the ordinary yearly experiences of many English people, having sufficient money and leisure, that the novelist can produce an agreeable variety of effects without going much out of the way for a plot. There is very little plot in "The New Prince Fortunatus," but quite enough for the readers who truly appreciate this author's peculiar faculties, that of portraying the feminine virtues and graces in charming individual figures, and that of describing the variable aspects of nature and methods of recreation in North Britain. His grouse-shooting, deer-stalking, and salmon-fishing, as well as yachting round the Hebrides, are of first-rate quality, and apparently correct in all their details. The steadfast fidelity and the curious English of West Highland gillies, with their modest attentions to their masters and mistresses, are the invariable pattern of self-respecting manly service. The moods of changeable autumn weather, on the sides of heathery mountains with romantic Gaelic names, and in rocky glens or grassy straths, where fitful streams flow down to their loch, near the comfortable lodge of a wealthy sportsman, are rendered by his pen as by a landscape-painter's brush. On the other hand, Mr. Black never fails to introduce two or three good and ladylike young women, one of whom, in this story Miss Honour Cunyngham—why not "Honor"?—is robust and active, dexterous with the angler's rod and line, able to play a twelve-pound fish in the rapids and pools of her own peculiar river. But the professional calling of Mr. Lionel

Moore, the "Prince Fortunatus" of the present narrative, is extremely different and remote from those amateur pastimes on the banks of the Aivron and the Geinig, in which she permits him to share, and from the shooting on the hills, to which she kindly encouraged him. Doubtless, even a London opera-singer might kill a few brace of birds, and might next day kill a stag. It is a far cry, some would think, from the stage of the New Theatre, or from chambers in Piccadilly, or supper at the Garden Club, to that dreadful Corrie-nam-Miseag where he certainly wounded a fine animal which could never be found. But a day and night of express-train railway travelling from Ross-shire to the metropolis punctually brings this favourite public vocalist, with feelings of regret and personal discontent, back to the fixed occupation of his evenings, playing and singing the lover's part in a refined comic opera, with a salary of £30 or £40 a week. Mr. Lionel Moore, indeed, though his position in life does not come up to the ideal of a Prince Fortunatus, is a young man happy in possessing a handsome person, a rare baritone voice, enough skill in music and acting to win popular renown, and the private acquaintance of some rich and aristocratic families, spending the season in town. His presence and manners being agreeable, they invite him to be admired and petted, by which he is a little in danger of being spoiled. Three amiable sisters—Lady Adela Cunyngham, who has literary ambition; Lady Rosamund Bourne, who paints pictures; and Lady Sybil, who composes music—daughters of the old Earl of Fareborough, join in patronising Mr. Moore, each with a view to get him to use his supposed influence on her behalf with other professors or critics of the fine arts, or with journalists and reviewers. We confess that social manoeuvres of this kind are not entirely unknown in London, but we have reason to believe that they are seldom practised with any degree of success. There may be, now and then, but we hope not at the Garden Club, a Mr. Octavius Quirk, who would be bribed by an invitation to dinner, and would write and talk in praise of Lady Adela's novels for the sake of being admitted to fashionable houses at Campden Hill. But there are, we happen to know, such upright and truthful literary men as Maurice Mangan, who choose to preserve their integrity, as critical reporters on the publications and performances of the day, by shunning all the approaches of people likely to expect a laudatory notice. It may be remarked, by the way, that although both the hero of this story and two important female personages, Miss Kate Burgoyne and Antonia Rossi, the "Nina" of his musical student days in Naples, belong to the operatic company at the New Theatre, nobody ever thinks, in their interest, of tampering with any journalist by asking him, for instance, to the dinner at Richmond. It is the fashionable amateurs and dilettanti, not the professional artists, who apparently resort to these seductive practices. We do not know, but perhaps Mr. Black does, and the prototype of Octavius Quirk may possibly have existed in our time. It is not absolutely incredible that such ladies as the wife of Sir Hugh Cunyngham, accompanied by her brother, Lord Rockminster, one evening, and Miss Cunyngham, with her mother, on another occasion, should be taken behind the scenes, and should sit in Miss Burgoyne's dressing-room over a cup of tea. But again, Mr. Black ought to know best. The freak of a party of ladies and gentlemen rehearsing a dramatic and musical amateur private entertainment, on their garden-lawn at Kensington, just at daybreak of a summer morning, having sat up at supper after returning late from a ball, is a still more amusing invention of the novelist; but strange things can be done when people do as they like. Amid the diverting variety of such lesser incidents, every reader of this novel will be much interested in the character of Nina, and in her pure, frank, but maidenly and thereby timid affection for "Leo," as she calls Mr. Moore; her sudden disappearance when he takes up with Miss Burgoyne, the other actress, after his rejection by Miss Cunyngham; finally, after his release from that rash and odious engagement, in his dangerous illness, Nina's return, and their happy union for life. As for Prince Fortunatus himself, off the stage, and when not singing, or away from the Highlands, and not fishing or shooting, his behaviour is rather mad and foolish than manly or heroic. But if anyone wants to understand the game of "poker," and how a player can lose eight hundred pounds in one night by wildly betting on the cards, it is fully explained. This lively and characteristic novel is one of the best, on the whole, that Mr. Black has lately written.

Strange Gods. By Constance Cotterell. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son.)—A charming play of wit and humour, a lively, fresh, and engaging style, and a sympathetic tone are the attractions of this novel. Miss Cotterell is, we believe, a new and probably a young authoress: here at once is proof of her talent, and we hope to enjoy many of her future productions. The only faults that will be found with her, in this instance, are those of a rather saucy aggressiveness in her allusions to orthodox theology and its professors, and what seems to us a fantastic and mistaken notion of the mental attitude of a sceptical idealist, such as Ambrose Tristram, with regard to classical and other heathen mythologies and their allegorical import. A mere scholar of ancient literature, apparently without any tincture of modern scientific thought, or of abstract metaphysical speculation, is no representative of the type of free inquirers whose conversation might be supposed to disturb traditional belief in the mind of an ignorant young lady, daughter of the Rector of Gablethorp. He might talk ever so much of Zeus and Apollo, of Odin and Thor, and teach her enough German to read the works of Goethe and Fouqué, without unsettling her passive acceptance of the Church's creeds and liturgy. The "strange gods" whom Tristram imports into the sequestered rural parish and domestic abode of the Rev. Mr. Minors, father of pretty Miss Jenet, could do neither good nor harm. There would really be no loss to the motives and grounds of action in this story if all that sort of thing were left out of the question. Jenet Minors is a girl who might naturally be frightened by the overbearing violence with which she is driven to a marriage with her cousin Blase Chetwynd, the boorish, sulky, ill-tempered heir to a large estate; and precedents may be found, in this class of fictions, for a desperately reluctant bride running away from home early in the morning of her wedding-day. We have observed more than one such interesting fugitive, escaping from her sleepless bedchamber at the break of dawn, walking some miles across the fields to her railway-station, travelling up to London and losing her bag or purse with her little money, wandering here about the streets, being accosted by dangerous persons, then losing her way in this big unknown city, and by some happy chance received in honourable protection. So it appears quite within the accepted lines of modern English romance that Jenet should find her way to the bachelor lodgings of Mr. Tristram, and that he should instantly marry her by special license, and take her away to a quiet little place in Germany, where they are very happy for some months, in spite of approaching poverty, while all Gablethorp is scandalised and distressed by her sudden disappearance. Letters being intercepted, lost, or destroyed, nobody at

the Rectory, at the Squire's house, or among the village gossips can tell for certain with whom this rash young heroine may have eloped, or whether she may not have disgraced herself in an unpardonable manner. Suspicion points at first to another Mr. Chetwynd, the gay and volatile Evelyn, whose qualities are directly antagonistic to those of the amorous savage, his cousin Blase; and the latter, having really been tricked and affronted beyond endurance, runs amuck with deadly weapons, first against Evelyn, afterwards against Tristram, but is accidentally prevented from murdering either the one or the other. At length, by the pressure of circumstances, by the need of satisfactory explanations, and by the illness of the Rector, who seems to be an indolent and feeble person, a very unwise father, and much under the baneful influence of his deceased wife's sister, the wandering pair come again to Gablethorp, but are coldly received. In the end, there is a settled home for them, free from the embarrassing local and personal associations; but, though a "child-wife" might possibly be content with a middle-aged college tutor for a husband, the "strange gods" have made no substantial contribution to their domestic comfort. We shall be glad of another story from Miss Cotterell, without any such admixture of illusory reflections on the established religious doctrine.

MUSIC.

Another accession to London (or suburban) music has occurred in the resumption of the Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concerts. The thirty-fourth series of these excellent performances began on Oct. 19; and the first instalment closed on Dec. 14, to make way for the Christmas entertainments which prevail at that period. The resumption of the concerts took place on Feb. 8, with the tenth performance of the series. The programme on this occasion included a new overture, composed by Mr. C. H. Coudery. It is entitled "To the Memory of a Hero"; and the prevailing tone is of a martial kind, with some effective contrasts of a more placid nature. It is well written, both as a composition and as regards the use of orchestral varieties, and produced so favourable an impression that it will, doubtless, soon find its way into other concert programmes. The other orchestral pieces of the day were so familiar as to require no more than mere mention. Gluck's overture to "Iphigénie en Aulide" (with Wagner's ending), Rossini's overture to "Guillaume Tell," and Beethoven's symphony in B flat, were, like the piece first referred to, finely rendered by the band, under Mr. Manns's direction. Herr Stavenhagen, who was the pianist of the day, gave a wondrously brilliant rendering of Liszt's extravagant "Totentanz," which purports to be a series of symphonic variations on the "Dies Irae." The remarkable executive powers of Herr Stavenhagen would have been better bestowed on music more worthy of them. This was the case in his execution of some unaccompanied solo pieces. Miss Hope Glenn sang, with much refinement, an air by Handel, and lieder by Schumann and Ries.

We were not previously able to do more than announce the facts of the fifth of Mr. Henschel's "London Symphony Concerts," and the fourth and last of Sir Charles Hallé's orchestral concerts (at St. James's Hall), taking place respectively on Feb. 6 and 7—too late for comment until now. On the earlier occasion the programme was chiefly selected from the works of Wagner, whose overture to "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," "Prelude to Parsifal," "Träume" (a study on "Tristan und Isolde"), and the prelude and finale (Isolden's "Liebestod") from the same opera, have now too often been heard to require comment beyond remarking that they were effectively rendered under Mr. Henschel's direction; as also was Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. At Sir Charles Hallé's concert, Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon" was given again (by desire), and the programme also included the "Eroica" symphony of Beethoven, the other orchestral pieces having been Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll" and three pieces from Grieg's characteristic music to "Peer Gynt." A special feature of the concert was Bach's concerto for two violins, in D minor, excellently played by Madame Néruda and Herr Willy Hess. Each of the concerts just referred to was well attended.

The Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall have given fresh evidence of the varied powers and untiring energy of Madame Néruda, who has been the leading and solo violinist at these performances since the last week in October. Her rare executive skill, and her acquaintance with all styles, have been manifested in the antique grace of solo music by old composers for the violin of the last century, the melodic beauty of Mozart, the deeper emotional sentiment of Beethoven, and the romantic idealism of Schubert and Schumann. Madame Néruda's last appearance this season at the Monday Popular Concerts, and that of Sir Charles Hallé, were announced for Feb. 10, the reappearance of Herr Joachim occurring on Feb. 17; Madame Néruda and Sir Charles Hallé being about to take their departure to fulfil their Australian engagements. At the afternoon Popular Concert of Feb. 8 both the artists just named contributed refined performances to a varied programme, which included Brahms's trio for pianoforte, violin, and horn, the last-named instrument having been assigned to M. Paersch. The work was given for the first time at these concerts, but had already been noticed in reference to its performance elsewhere. The trio is for an association of instruments very unusual in works of its class. It contains some highly characteristic writing, and received full justice in its rendering on the occasion now referred to by the artists named. Other features of the concert require no specification beyond stating that the vocalist was Mr. H. Jones.

The Royal Amateur Orchestral Society announced a concert at St. James's Hall on Feb. 8.

The Popular Musical Union announced a performance of "The Creation" on Feb. 8 at the People's Palace, Mile-End, with band and chorus numbering about 160. Music is making good progress at the East-End of London.

Recent miscellaneous concerts have included that of the meritorious young pianist Mlle. L. Douste (with a programme of English compositions); the first of two chamber concerts (also at Princes' Hall) by Miss Geisler Schubert (pianist) and Miss Fillunger (vocalist); and a pianoforte recital by Miss M. Bateman.

Mr. W. A. Ellis was to lecture (under the auspices of the Wagner Society) at Trinity College on Feb. 12. His subject was Wagner's letters to Uhlig, Fischer, and Heine.

Mr. Thomas Robins Bolitho of Penalverne, Penzance, has been appointed Sheriff of Cornwall.

A chapter of the most illustrious Order of St. Patrick was held on Feb. 7 by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in St. Patrick's Hall, Dublin Castle, by command of the Queen, for the investiture of the Earl of Milford as a member of the Order. The ceremony took place in the presence of a brilliant assemblage. Prince Edward of Saxo-Weimar and Mr. A. J. Balfour, chancellor of the Order, were present. There was a banquet in honour of the occasion.

AMERICA REVISITED
BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE PLAY OF "SHENANDOAH," AT A
NEW YORK THEATRE.



Two young girls, a Northern and a Southern maiden, are looking over the Shenandoah valley, in Virginia, October 1864. They are listening to the distant sound of military trumpet-calls. General Sheridan's army lies in the valley below them. Beyond Cedar Creek, on the banks of the Shenandoah River, lies the Confederate army, commanded by General Early. The two hosts are facing each other, like two great tigers ready to spring together in a struggle that is to decide the fate of the American Republic. The two simple girlish figures, which our Artist has drawn in the upper corner of this page, mean all this; and it is this quiet picture that ushers in the scenes of

war, in a drama now popular among our American cousins. It has been playing at the Twenty-third-street Theatre, in New York, since the beginning of last September; and a second company, after producing it at Philadelphia, at Chicago, and at St. Louis, is already on its way to San Francisco.

This play, "Shenandoah," has been chosen by our Artist as a fitting illustration of the American stage at the present moment, for two reasons. It is the latest work of an American dramatist, Mr. Bronson Howard, whose name has been known in England these fifteen years past; and it is historical, its main subject being one of the most exciting actions in the greatest and most terrible of civil wars.

"Sheridan's Ride" has passed into history and poetry as the most romantic incident of the American War; and it is the one best fitted for dramatic illustration. Among those historical events in which the personality of great leaders has had a controlling influence on the destinies of nations, this one has a peculiar interest;

as a crushing defeat was turned into a brilliant victory by the sudden return of its leader to the retreating army, alone and without reinforcements of any kind. Moreover, the moral effect of the victory on the country was without a parallel in history. A great political struggle was in progress in the Northern States; and Abraham Lincoln would not have been re-elected to the Presidency, at the general election which occurred about three weeks after this battle, if Sheridan's army had been defeated. The failure of Lincoln at the polls would in all probability have been followed by compromises, ending in the separation of North and South.

Such is the important event which Mr. Bronson Howard has chosen for the main subject of his play. From a dramatic point of view, however, a minor actual incident becomes equally important on the stage. It is a curious fact in history that the return of General Sheridan to the Shenandoah Valley, in the nick of time to make his celebrated ride from Winchester, was brought about through the reading of a Confederate signal despatch, sent from a signal-station on Three Top Mountain to General Early, in the valley beneath. It was read by officers of the Federal Signal Corps, who had secured the enemy's code.

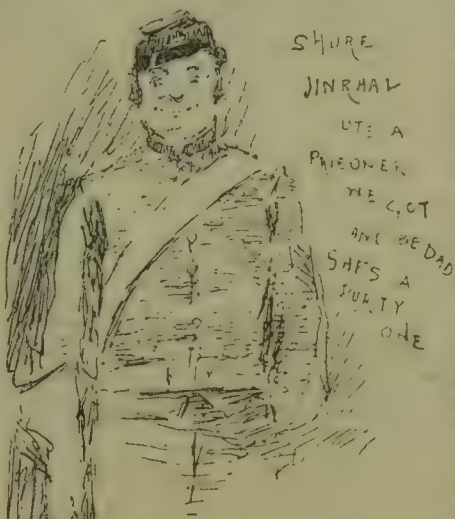
The crisis of the military action, it may be supposed, is that shown in the closing scene of the second act in the play. A captain of the Federal Signal Corps stands, with a lantern on his arm, interpreting, with the captured code-book, the motions of the small distant flash of light on Three Top Mountain, as they are reported to him by his Lieutenant on the rocks above, a shadowy figure almost lost in the gloom of night. A general officer of the Union army listens with suspended breath. The exact historical words of the despatch were as follows:—

enemy. The Union army had been hopelessly weakened, and Sheridan had left it, that very afternoon, to go to Washington. In a moment more, in the swift movement of the play, the Union General, dimly seen in the foreground, shouts an order to send the despatch after Sheridan. In the next moment a signalman has a huge torch burning, to carry the news to a signal-station on the road which Sheridan has taken; and as the curtain descends the glare of the swinging light illumines the trees and rocks of the scene.

We may question whether a more intensely interesting scene than this was ever witnessed upon the stage. But the play shows also that of the return of Sheridan himself, on the following day, riding among his retreating soldiers. The excitement of the audience at this latter point seems to depend on no patriotic sentiment of nationality. Englishmen who have seen it say that the effect is purely dramatic, and is affected by no thought of what uniforms these soldiers wear, or whether this war is that of the American Rebellion or that of the Crimea.

But, with all these historical materials at his command, Mr. Bronson Howard is a dramatist too experienced to depend on them for the sustained interest of his play. They serve only as the brilliant and impressive background of a highly complicated, though sufficiently clear, love-story, and the play has both its serious and comic sides. The Irish sergeant, who appears in one of our Sketches, is announcing with a puzzled look the capture of the heroine of the play, a Southern girl, as a prisoner of war. He has not the remotest idea of what he ought to do with her, and regards the girl as a sort of white elephant on his hands. Another character, "General Buckthorne," is the highest in military rank among the actual *dramatis personæ*, Sheridan himself being a mere figure flashing across the stage in a second. General Buckthorne belongs to the comic side of the piece: he is one whose stern duty as an officer is constantly embarrassed by his unofficial good-nature.

The dying lad, borne on a stretcher, has secured the enemy's signal-code at the expense of his own life. Sturdy Southern soldiers, in rough homespun uniforms, have brought him into the Union lines under a flag of truce. They weep over



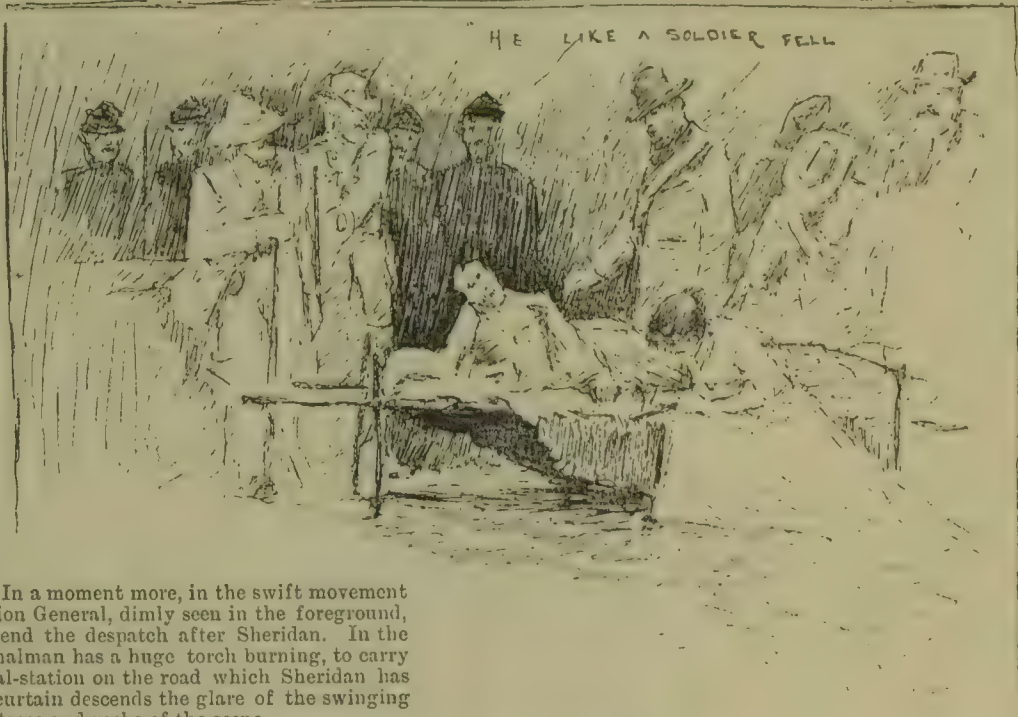
Northern and Southern sentiments. Northern critics, without exception, have praised him for doing so; and Northern spectators have unanimously applauded him for it. The only Southern city where public feeling on the other side has yet been tested is St. Louis; and there immense audiences, witnessing the play, were about

"TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL EARLY: Be ready to move as soon as my forces join you, and we will crush Sheridan. — LONGSTREET, Lieutenant-General."

This was the first news of any intended reinforcements to the

equally divided in sentiment, while people on both sides applauded. The reception of this play has proved one of the most significant signs of the times in American politics.

During the past ten years there has been a rapid development of dramatic literature in the United States. It has been chiefly based on American subjects and characters, and for this reason probably very few of the really successful American plays have been produced in England. Mr. William Gillett's "Held by the Enemy" is a notable exception, and several of Mr. Bronson Howard's plays have held the London stage at



different times; also some by the late Bartley Campbell, and Joachim Miller's "Danites." But it may surprise our readers to learn that, of nearly two hundred theatrical companies travelling in the American "provinces," a large majority now depend for their success on plays by native writers, ranging from mere burlesque sketches up to true comedy, and good serious work. In New York city, with a few notable exceptions, English, French, and German plays, the leading financial successes of the last five years have been obtained by the works of native dramatists writing on American subjects. Besides the authors already mentioned—not forgetting Mrs. Burnett and her "Little Lord Fauntleroy"—we may give the names of Henry Guy Carleton, Archibald Guenter—"Mr. Barnes of New York"—Steele, Mackaye, Belasco and De Mille, Hoyt, Matthews and Jessop, Morris and William Young, the last-mentioned writing chiefly heroic blank verse, works produced for Mr. Lawrence Barrett.

Mr. Bronson Howard's name was first heard of in London as the unknown author of a piece which the late Mr. Frank Marshall adapted from the American stage. In the United States it was called "Saratoga," but Frank Marshall gave it the name of "Brighton." Mr. Bronson Howard soon afterwards contributed to the Anglo-American stage "The Old Love and the New," "Young Mrs. Winthrop," and other pieces, all giving evidence of dramatic perception and constructive skill. "Shenandoah" will, in due course, be produced in London, where Mr. Bronson Howard has recently arrived, having a permanent residence in a quiet corner of St. John's Wood, to which he has given the characteristic title of "Sandy Hook," the well-known landmark dear to travellers crossing the Atlantic. JOSEPH HATTON.

CHANGES IN PARLIAMENT.

Since the prorogation of Parliament, on Aug. 30 last, several changes have taken place in the House of Lords, the Earl of Orkney and the Earl of Leven and Melville having died during the interval. The new Scotch representative peers elected in their places are Lord Saltoun and Viscount Strathallan. The *Morning Post* states that among the peers who have succeeded to the family honours since the prorogation, and who have to take their oaths and subscribe to the Parliamentary roll, are—Hon. Francis Denzil Edward Baring, who succeeds his father, Alexander Hugh, fourth Lord Ashburton; Hon. Egerton Hubbard, who succeeds his father, John Gellibrand, first Lord Addington; Hon. Edward H. T. Digby, who succeeds his father, Edward St. Vincent, ninth Lord Digby; Hon. Henry George Roper, who succeeds his father, George Henry Roper-Curzon, fifteenth Lord Teynham; Hon. Evelyn E. T. Boscawen, who succeeds his father, Evelyn, sixth Viscount Falmouth; Henry Edward Montagu Dorington Clotworthy Upton, who succeeds his uncle, George Frederick, Viscount Templetown; Hon. Robert William Napier, who succeeds his father, Robert, first Lord Napier of Magdala; and George, seventh Earl of Granard, who died on Aug. 25, is succeeded by his son, Bernard, Viscount Forbes, in his sixteenth year, who will be placed among the minors on the roll of Parliament, as will be the case with the Hon. G. Master Byng, who succeeds his father, seventh Viscount Torrington. Lord Amphil attains his majority on Feb. 19, and will probably take his seat soon after that date. Earl Temple, who succeeds the late Duke of Buckingham and Chandos in the Earldom of Temple, is also entitled to take his seat. Lord Blachford having died in November last without issue, the barony becomes extinct.

Among the new members of the House of Commons elected since the close of the last Session are Mr. Seymour Keay, for Elgin and Nairn, in the place of Mr. Anderson, Q.C., deceased; Captain Edmund Hope Verney, for North Bucks, in the place of the Hon. Egerton Hubbard, raised to the Peerage; Mr. Alpheus C. Morton, for Peterborough, vice the Hon. J. W. Fitzwilliam, deceased; Mr. John Leng, for Dundee, in the place of Mr. Firth, deceased; and Mr. Gerald W. E. Loder, for Brighton, in the place of Sir W. Tindal Robertson, deceased.

Mr. Roland Vaughan Williams, Q.C., has been appointed one of the Justices of the High Court, in the place of Mr. Justice Manisty, deceased.

Lord Dudley visited Dudley on Feb. 8 to open an Infectious Disease Hospital, erected in connection with the Guest Hospital, which was given to the town by the late Earl Dudley twenty years ago. His Lordship, in declaring the building open, said he had ascertained there was a debt upon it amounting to £200, and, in order to enable him to open it free from debt, he would give the amount required.



1. On the Maranoni River.
2. A Portage, Cahari Falls, Puruni River.

3. Miners' Camp, Puruni River Diggings.
4. Old Diggings, worked by Chinese.

5. A Gold Digger's Hut, Puruni River.
6. Cutting a Water-Lead.

7. Type of an Aborigine.
8. Washing for Gold, China Creek, Puruni River.

9. In the Bush, Cooking Dinner.
10. Rest after ascending the Onaway Falls.

11. Indian Bunkoo, Puruni River.
12. Halt for breakfast at the Government Mission, Puruni River.

THE GOLDFIELDS OF GUIANA.

Among the recently discovered gold-producing regions is the wild territory, as yet little explored, in the north-west of British Guiana; particularly the tract lying between the river Cuyuni, a tributary of the Essequibo, and the river Puruni, which runs into the Mazaruni, itself also a tributary of the Essequibo. All this part of South America is what Sir Walter Raleigh named "El Dorado"; and although, for generations, the old traveller's description of it was deemed rather fanciful, yet many had long suspected, and it has of late years been ascertained, that many portions of this little-known and almost inaccessible land are rich in auriferous deposit. For some years past gold-mining has been successfully carried on in the neighbourhood of Caratal, in the adjoining State of Venezuela; and it was noted by travellers that, in the north-western parts of Essequibo, there were mineralogical resemblances which suggested that gold might be found there also. In 1868, at the instance of the Government, Mr. Sawkins and Mr. Brown made a geological survey of the colony, but their reports did not hold out a very encouraging prospect. Notwithstanding, in 1880, prospecting for gold began to be carried on with great vigour in the district indicated. In the official Bluebook for 1884 there appears, for the first time, a statement of the gold exported, being the produce of the colony. The quantity exported in that year was 250 ounces, valued at £1019 12s. 6d. In 1885 the export rose to 939½ ounces, of the value of £3249 3s. 5d.; and during the first nine months of 1888 the quantity exported was 2875 ounces, worth nearly £10,000. Since then the development of the goldfield industry has proceeded rapidly. What more than anything else has tended to stimulate the enterprise within the last two years is the fact that towards the close of 1888 the Government of the colony promulgated an ordinance regulating the search for gold and silver in British Guiana, and affording a certain degree of protection to all who took out licenses for prospecting.

Some such protection had become necessary, as the right and title to the whole of this territory was, and still is, disputed. The Venezuelans claim the entire province of Essequibo, as having once belonged to Spain, from which they say Venezuela derived it by right of successful revolt. The British Government, on the other hand, claims it on the ground that it forms an integral part of the territory surrendered to us by the Dutch in 1803; that all the authentic maps, old or new, Spanish, Dutch, or English, so describe it; that the lands on the coasts and river banks have been, and are, settled by British subjects under the protection of British laws; and that ever since its acquisition it has been duly held and regularly administered by British authority. It is to be regretted that the dispute has been allowed so long to remain open, and that, until quite recently, no serious diplomatic steps have been taken to settle the question.

So far, the richest claims have been found in the Puruni district, most of the "placers" being situated within a radius of from two to four days' journey on the Puruni River, ten to twelve days' journey from the city of Georgetown, the capital of the colony. But this is not the only region that is found to be rich in gold. Claims have been taken up at various points on the rivers Demerara and Corentyn, where gold is also being found in considerable quantities. Our Illustrations, however, are confined to the Puruni district, and are from photographs taken on the spot by Mr. Siza, of Georgetown, who accompanied Messrs. Field and Rust on their prospecting expedition to these regions in the early part of last year. These goldfields are unique in one respect: they are solely approached by waterways. The voyage is attended with considerable toil and peril, particularly along the Mazaruni, owing to the frequency of rapids and cataracts. Another danger attending gold-digging in these latitudes is that of being laid low with malaria fever.

One of our Illustrations shows the travellers "Taking a Rest," after ascending the Oucayway Fall, not far beyond the mouth of the Mazaruni, where the crew get out of the boat, and, wading, swimming, or diving from one rock to another, carry forward a tow-line, about sixty feet in length, and all hands set to work hauling the boats along till they are safe in the upper waters. If the falls are too high, the cargo has to be unladen, and the boats and baggage carried up overland.

"A Halt for Breakfast at the Government Mission on the Puruni River" is the title of the next Illustration. The Mission House, as it is still called—though it is now used as a Government Police-station—is a simple rustic building. Other Views are those of an Indian "banaboo," or dwelling-house, erected on a clearing of about one acre, near a creek running into the Puruni; and of "A Gold-Digger's Hut on the Puruni." The latter consists of a slight framework of poles, roofed over with palm-leaves, affording shelter from the heat of the sun and from the heavy rains; but no protection from the fogs and miasma prevalent in the rainy season. The dense forest surrounding it makes this a somewhat gloomy abode. "Washing for Gold" and "Cutting a Water-lead" are alluvial goldfield operations, the like of which, in other countries, have been often described. The methods employed in Guiana are somewhat crude and primitive. A suggestion has been made to the Government of British Guiana that it should construct a good road, or light railway, from some point near the Penal Settlement, at the junction of the Cuyuni and Mazaruni Rivers with the Essequibo, running about 120 miles along the left bank of the Mazaruni. This proposal has been laid before the Court of Policy—the legislative body of the colony—in terms which seem to indicate a firm determination to resist the pretensions of Venezuela.

Mr. Herbert Henry Asquith and Mr. John Lawson Walton have been appointed Queen's Counsel.

Lord Ardilaun has given £100 to the Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund.

St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, was on Feb. 6 thronged with a fashionable congregation to witness the marriage of Earl Russell, the eldest son of the late Lord Amberley, and grandson of the first Earl Russell, the statesman, to Miss Mabel Scott, daughter of Lena, Lady Scott, and the late Sir Claude Scott. The chancel rails and altar were decorated with palms and white exotics. The service was fully choral. The bride, who was given away by her mother, wore a magnificent costume of ivory-white duchesse satin, with long court train draped with Honiton lace, and trimmed with orange-blossom and ostrich feathers. Honiton lace veil fastened to the hair by a diamond star. She also wore a diamond bracelet, the gift of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford. Master Thornton Peckham, attired in a pretty page's costume of white satin, with cut steel buttons and lace ruffles, acted as train-bearer. The bridesmaids were Miss Edith Douglas, Miss Thornton Peckham, Miss Harbord, Miss Goodson, Miss De Rutzen, Miss Paine, and Miss Muriel Paine. They were attired alike in pretty dresses of white satin, trimmed with ostrich feathers, heliotrope silk shoes and stockings. They carried bouquets of green orchids and Parma violets tied with heliotrope streamers, and wore diamond initial brooches surmounted by a coronet, the gifts of the bridegroom. Mr. Marillier was the best man.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

TOWN LIFE AND ITS EFFECTS.

My late friend Dr. Milner Fothergill, among the many trite things to which he gave expression in his writings, laid stress upon the fact that our town life is in itself a cause of the degeneracy of the race. He was followed by Mr. Cantlie (now of Hong Kong), who, if I mistake not, alleged that it was well-nigh impossible to trace a pure-bred Londoner and his kith and kin beyond the fourth generation. Other writers have directed attention to the same grave problem of city life and its conditions as affecting the race. They point to the tremendous influx of country life which takes place yearly into London and other great centres of population, and they tell us that the city owes its chief vitality to this infusion of fresh, healthy blood into its masses. But in time these infusions will be affected by the prevalent causes of town-degeneration; and so the great mill of life continues to grind us down, slowly, it is true, but to grind us out in time (say the physiologists) altogether. Of course, the causes of the degeneracy which city life is said to effect are to be found in the generally unhealthy conditions under which existence is pursued. Pure food, pure air, and pure water form the tripod of life in so far as our surroundings are concerned; and it is precisely these conditions which are not typically represented in our great centres. As to house accommodation, it is only of late years we have been awaking to the ideas that it is nothing short of disgraceful to permit cellar-dwellings and dilapidated tenements to be inhabited at all; and that to screw out of the poor of the slums an extortionate rent for houses compared with which an ordinary pigstye is cleanly and sanitary, is an extortionate, unjust, and crying evil.

The fact is that, the moment we have to deal with masses of human beings, aggregated together in cities, and living under conditions which violate every rule of health, we come upon causes of physical degeneration which are too evident to admit of theoretical modification, far less denial. An author has taken the trouble to total up for us the number of persons engaged in some half-dozen sedentary occupations in London in 1881. We find his figures to give us: indoor domestic servants, 258,709; general labourers, 78,115; milliners, &c., 71,837; clerks, 60,605; tailors, 41,221; and carpenters, 38,143. Thus, out of some 548,000 persons, about four fifths lead an indoor life, and, of these, two fifths (or 173,000) follow purely sedentary trades. What sedentary life means to the units which follow it closely most of us may know. It implies the want of the first essential for healthy life—pure air—and it includes yet another condition of vitality—free and open-air exercise. Deterioration of frame in the one generation, we have also to note, is transmitted with tenfold force to the next. As health is cumulative in its effects, so also are disease and degeneracy; so that the mere pursuit of life and life's avocations in a big city must, in the cases of sedentary workers, be attended not only by an increasing lack of vitality, but by a transmission of the weakness to succeeding units. And there comes a point in this handing on of feeble health, says the sanitarian, when the climax is reached in the shape of the absolute dying out of the enfeebled stock.

The author from whom I have already quoted reminds us that if we treat London as a kind of county or area by itself, we find that out of every 1000 persons in London 371 are country-born. An immigration of 37 per cent thus represents what the London population owes to country blood. Again, Mr. Galton is emphatic enough in his calculations as to the percentage of the supply of units (to the next generation) which is represented in rural and city districts respectively. Thus, 1000 families in rural districts will supply about 2334 adults to the next generation, while 1000 town families will only supply 1796. The town supply is only 77 per cent of the country instalment, and to the second generation it is only 59 per cent of the rural contribution. Attacked thus from the side of increase and continuance, we see that the failure of vitality in towns makes itself felt on the population question in a very marked fashion; and this accords with what Mr. Cantlie, as we have seen, tells us about the decadence of the pure-bred Londoner. Statistics, proverbially, may be made to prove anything; but in the department of health we tread on relatively sure ground in the matter of figures. Taking London, typically so called, and excluding districts which are more or less suburban in character, we are told that, comparing it with healthy districts, the difference of death-rate is at the rate of 9.24 per 1000 per annum. If, now, the population of typical London is set down at 2,767,298, we discover that 25,559 lives are thus annually lost in consequence of the conditions which prevail in this dense centre of mankind. No less startling is the fact that of every 1000 infants born (I quote from my author once again) 112 more die under fifteen years of age in urban London than in the healthy districts.

Enough of figures, however; and I know that my readers will remind me that "London is, after all, the healthiest place of any." I reply, on the whole it is—for those who can afford to purchase the best of life's conditions. The healthy London of which my friends speak is a selected London; and their argument is therefore a very one-sided one, after all is said and done. I say to those who argue for healthy London that they represent (the healthy units, I mean) the survivors of a very tremendous general mortality. They are the favoured few who escape, by reason of their affluence, the dangers and degeneration which beset the many. It is the old story over again of the visitor to the slums of a city, who said to his guide that the gutter children looked fairly well and sturdy. "Yes," replied the guide, "but these children play on the graves of their thousand companions who have succumbed"; and what is true of the children of the slums seems to me to hold equally true of the population of every big city we know. Is there any remedy, then, I may be asked, for this degeneracy which accompanies city life? The reply bears that we may certainly do much to better the existing state of things, and that according to plain health-laws. We want the State to take up the question of proper dwellings for the masses, if private enterprise fails to accomplish the abolition of slums. We want philanthropists to purchase open spaces for us, and to give to the City lungs for the free respiration of its masses. So, also, we want wider facilities for reasonable recreation, and especially for the working-classes. More People's Palaces will result in fewer gin-shops; and greater facilities for cycling, football, and other games will stave off physical degeneracy as perchance nothing else will or can. Best of all, we must teach the masses the laws of health. We must see to it that in every school physiology and hygiene and domestic economy are duly taught to the boys and girls about to leave lessons for the duties of the workaday world. I have often thought that a hygienic corps, modelled on the plan of the Salvation Army, which could dive into the slums and teach the masses the "A B C" of health laws, would effect a reform for which we must wait as things are. Meanwhile, we are awaking to the knowledge that life may be made better and happier for most of us than it at present is; and in the larger hope of the coming day of health we must learn to labour—and, hardest of all—to wait.

ANDREW WILSON.

WHEN DAY LENGTHENS.

Everybody knows the words which rhyme with our title and convert the couplet they make into an adage. If it be not invariably true that "cold strengthens as day lengthens," it is sufficiently near the truth to warrant the familiar use into which the jingle has fallen. Yet, notwithstanding the expected and often realised decline in temperature, it fails to chill the warmth of the welcome we are all prepared to give the lengthening days. The fall of the thermometer is comparatively disregarded—even by those who suffer most from a chill or frosty atmosphere—in the joyful prospect which increasing sunlight opens up. Its effects are no less moral than physical, for it means new life in every sense of the expression, inasmuch as light is life. "The pleasure sweet of spring returning," as Keble sings, "is welcome to the thoughtful heart," and no less so to the body. After a long spell of short dark days, with their wintry accompaniments, severe or mild as the case may be, the revival of energy and hope is doubly grateful from the mere contrast it affords to the gloom and depression under which we have lately suffered; and, since it is ordained that man shall ever be looking forward, there can be no season more favourable to this instinct than the approach of spring. It is curious to observe how insensibly young and old, busy and idle, count the hours almost which bring us up to and turn that ugly corner in the calendar known as "the shortest day." Grim November, even, is faced with more courage and complacency if we happen to remember that, roughly speaking, "it wants but a month to the shortest day," and when that is past hopeful spirits get over January and February on the same principle. "The cold winds of March make us tremble and shiver," but we go on not minding so much because we foresee they cannot last long. We count as nothing that they bring with them too frequently hail, sleet, or snow. These wintry characteristics somehow do not create the same moral depression as when they occur at Christmas time; apparently because the increased amount of daylight gives us the courage of hope, and it is extraordinary how such subtle influences imperceptibly affect the whole economy of man.

After all, the work of the world by which he lives, the whole business of life, in fact, is more successfully carried on under the natural light of heaven than by any other; while of course there are not a few occupations which can be followed only by daylight. The student and man of letters may burn the midnight oil without prejudice to anything but his health, and the hundreds of workshops and factories where artificial illumination is well-nigh indispensable and continuous during the entire twelve months, turn out their products as copiously in the short days as in the long; but, on the other hand, there are a score or more of trades, callings, and professions which can produce nothing, except when the sun is fairly above the horizon.

As an instance, consider what daylight is for the painter. The progress of the artist's work, in nine cases out of ten, is wholly dependent on it. Electricity and gas may do something for him in his studio, but, under their guidance, he can never be quite certain of the true tone and value of his colours, relatively, collectively, or individually; and of course it goes without saying that he cannot paint at all out of doors, save under the clear, pure light from the sky—certainly under no atmospheric conditions more obscure than twilight. Equally, it may be said, all farming operations are limited to the hours of daylight; and if "the mason, the shipwright, and the carpenter" manage, in these high-pressure times, to get along, in the larger centres, by the aid of a carboniferous flare, the building trade and hosts of others only revive to full activity as the day lengthens. True, the shipmaster, when "alone with the stars," finds by their aid his way upon the trackless waste of waters with noble independence; but "when the stormy winds do blow," and when he is in proximity to a dangerous coast, he frequently has to run for port as night comes on, and the more incessantly he has to do this the longer the duration of his voyage. As a rule he covets daylight, and naturally makes quicker headway in those latitudes where a vast stretch of time is covered between the rising and the setting of the sun. Indeed, so much are men's labours at the mercy of Phœbus's beams, whether unclouded or not, that it needs no argument to justify the joy which possesses them at the prospect of increasing light.

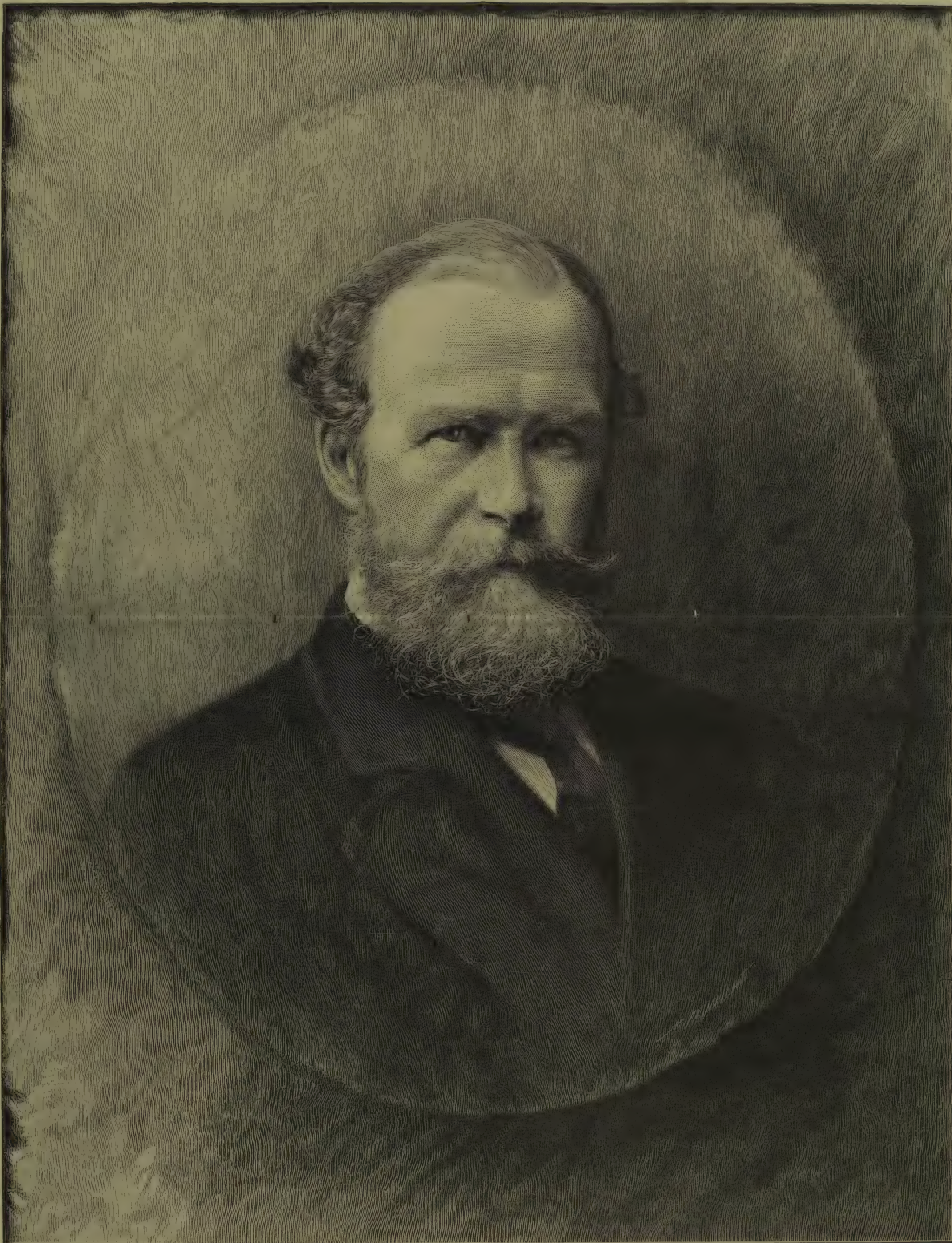
In the matter of sport, perhaps, there are those who regard the lengthening day with less exultation; but to them even it may be suggested that "the southerly wind and cloudy sky which proclaim a hunting morn" are oftener to be expected 'twixt the end of January and beginning of March than when we are in the bleak dull depths of dark December. Winter, of course, has its charms—the cosy fireside, the friendly gossip, the companionship of books, the genial gatherings around the festive board, balls, concerts, plays, and other pastimes, not to speak of games which are only fitly followed when night has closed in. Billiards are available, perhaps both by day and night, though your crack player calls for artificial aid; but you cannot play a rubber consistently by daylight. Cards have an ugly look in the sunshine. Still, the active and the athletic are always eager for the time which will open up the cricketing, boating, and cycling season—not to enumerate the many cognate outlets for superabundant muscularity dependent on daylight. They will accept most of these willingly in exchange for skating, football, and the like, which, as belonging to winter, are, nevertheless, from that very fact, often cut short at the height of their enjoyment by a too early nightfall. In a word, however contented, even apathetic, our dispositions, however happily ready we are to take things as they come and make the best of them, we yet cannot fail to be inspired with some sense of fresh energy when we find ourselves with more time on hand—a longer stretch of the hours which are available no less for work and business than for play and pleasure—the stoic, the pessimist, and the cynic notwithstanding.

Thus irresistibly man responds to the quickened beat of Nature's pulse; the mighty heart-throbs of the great mother find a ready echo in his breast. His hopeful aspect and brighter looks are but the reflex of the smiles which begin to dimple and irradiate her face under the clearer and more continuous light. Slowly but surely there steal over her signs and portents which should bring home very closely the lesson she is ever teaching her sons—the lesson of faith and trust in her beneficence—the deep affection of a loving parent which, if rightly understood, holds us all in one bond of holy unity—a unity that, if practically acted on, would banish envy, hatred, and malice from the world. We need only look forth in the quite early dawn of spring, and watch what she is doing—

... on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,

or wheresoever she can, in the unsullied beauty of her landscape handiwork, express her feeling and her love, and we cannot fail to see and read aright what she is striving to inculcate under the radiance of the lengthening days.—W. W. F.

During January 8195 emigrants of British origin left the kingdom, being 6733 English, 695 Scotch, and 767 Irish. Of these, 4070 went to the United States, 411 to British North America, 1581 to Australasia, and 2133 to "all other places."



MEN OF THE DAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. ELLIOTT AND FRY, 56, MARK-PLACE, W.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART., M.P., F.R.S.

ART BOOKS.

The Year's Art, 1890. Compiled by M. B. Huish, LL.B. (J. S. Virtue and Co.).—This handy volume each year presents features of originality without letting drop any of those by which it gained popularity in the past. It is far away the most useful manual, not only for artists but for all who take an interest in the art-life of our times. The portraits of the present volume are those of the members of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours—thirty-two in number, exclusive of that of the venerable president. In addition there is a profusion of reproductions in miniature of the principal pictures of the year. The exhibitions laid under contribution are not only the great London shows but those of the Glasgow, Liverpool (Walker Art Gallery), Dublin, Birmingham, and Cheltenham societies, and we are thus able to a certain extent to follow the progress of art in the provinces. The art institutions of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand are briefly referred to, and a summary of chief American museums and galleries, of which a more detailed account was given four years ago, is also added. We are still, however, left without any personal record of the principal Colonial and American painters and sculptors—a matter of ever-increasing interest, of which a basis might be found in the admirably edited official guide to the Paris Salon. *En revanche*, we have quite an amusing instance of the progress of "personality" in art, in the form of a calendar giving the birthdays of three or four hundred artists and persons connected with art, compiled by Mr. J. F. Boyes, F.S.A. With regard to the ages of lady-artists, the editor is discreetly silent; but with the sterner sex he is as frank as he can be, and we make strange discoveries respecting the precocity of some talents and the tardy development of others. Mr. Sidney Cooper, R.A., born in 1803, is the *doyen d'âge* of this august assembly. And next to him, apparently, comes Mr. Gladstone, who holds the post (purely honorary) of Professor of Ancient History to the Royal Academy. Mr. A. C. Carter's digest of the year's history of art and its relations with the State and local institutions is as carefully done as usual; and Mr. Huish may be honestly congratulated upon having with his little volume "satisfied a general want," and produced a valuable record of a year's art-work.

Art in Scotland. By Robert Brydall. (William Blackwood and Sons.)—The plan upon which this work is designed cannot be too highly commended, and it is more surprising that the author should have so well succeeded in his superstructure than that it should present certain flaws and shortcomings. Mr. Brydall does not altogether follow the example of Petitjean in "Les Plaidiers," for he begins after the Deluge, or rather with certain standing stones which may or may not represent Celtic art in its most rudimentary form—an art which was speedily swept away by the inroads of the higher Irish civilisation. We may pass by, too, as legendary most of the traditions of Scotch art anterior to the fifteenth century; but it is obvious that at that time there existed in Scotland not only a much more general appreciation of art than in England, but the existence of a national school, as distinguished from the work of foreigners attracted to or settled in the country, is traceable at a comparatively early period. Mr. Brydall is inclined to accept the theory that Scotch artists were employed abroad—especially in France—at a still earlier date, and endorses the tradition that Haines Poulevoir, who painted the white banner of Joan of Arc, was no other than James Polwarth. What is more certain is that the Stuarts from the earliest times were fond of art in one form or another; and their close relations with both France and the Netherlands familiarised the Scottish people with art pursuits.

It is not, however, until we reach George Jamesone of Aberdeen that we can be said to stand on firm ground. Born in 1578, and living well on into the seventeenth century, he was the contemporary of Velasquez; and it is not a little remarkable that there is more similarity to be found between the Scotch and Spanish schools than with the works of the Dutch and Italian masters, with whom they were far more likely to be brought in contact. It is a striking instance of the influence of temperament and surroundings upon character; and it would be easy to trace similarities between the painting of the principal Scottish artists down to the beginning of the present century and that of Spaniards of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. From Jamesone, who preceded Hogarth by a full century, to the present time the school of Scottish painters has never failed. Here and there it has produced men of first-rate merit, as Sir Henry Raeburn, Sir John Watson Gordon, and Sir David Wilkie; but, as a rule, it has been distinguished by painstaking excellence and a careful appreciation of natural objects and effects. Allan Ramsay, the brothers Foulis of Glasgow, are conspicuous among the older names; while among the moderns, Andrew Geddes, William Nicholson, and Graham Gilbert, as portrait-painters; John Graham, Sir William Allan, and Alexander Fraser, as painters of domestic life; the Nasmyths, the Schetkys, as landscapists; and David Roberts, as a painter of interiors, testify to the vigour and continuity of a national art. In our own days we know how large a contingent Scotland furnishes to our own Royal Academy, giving to English art a Celtic leaven, by which both countries should profit.

On the painters, sculptors, architects, and engravers of Scotland Mr. Brydall has collected from various sources all that is known, and, if he has some times accepted hastily and undoubtingly the trustworthiness of his authorities, he has, nevertheless, brought together a mass of evidence which will repay the trouble of sifting. He has probably complied with the injunction "Verify your quotations," but he has not taken the further precaution of seeing whether his guides were always as careful in ascertaining the accuracy of their own statements. For instance, his statements that Geddes's well-known picture of the "Discovery of the Regalia" is now in the Scottish Portrait Gallery (p. 234); that the stern Republican President of the Royal Academy, Benjamin West, accepted a knighthood (p. 229); that Andrew Wilson's patron was Mr. Champarnon (p. 303); or that the Portuguese forces were ever commanded by Lord Beresford Hope (p. 307), are either proofs of want of care or want of that accurate knowledge so necessary to the compiler of a history. In a second edition, for which there should be ample room, it would be easy to rectify these and similar blunders—and by this means Mr. Brydall's history of "Art in Scotland" will become recognised, as it deserves to be, as the text-book of an important subject. The history of the establishment of the Royal Scottish Academy leaves little to be desired, and his biographical notices of its deceased members down to the most recent date will be found most useful.

Mr. Francis James Newton has been appointed Colonial Secretary and Receiver-General of British Bechuanaland.

Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, late in command of the Royal yacht Osborne, who was promoted to post rank in June last, has been selected for the command of the armed cruiser Warspite, ten guns, 8400 tons, 10,000 h.p., which is shortly to be commissioned as flag-ship on the Pacific station.

CHESS.

E F STRANGE (South Kensington).—The law is very clear that a man is not compelled to give credit because he utters a word. Circumstances you mention, Black must play the Rook, but not necessarily to Q sq.

SIGNOR ASPA.—Ingenious as usual, and very acceptable.

G HEATHCOTE.—We trust it is all right now. You will have seen we mentioned your double success a fortnight ago.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—We scarcely know to what you refer. The nearest approach to your quotation was in our review of "Chess Skirmishes," but it was spoken of as a companion, not a tutor. For instruction, "Chess Openings: Ancient and Modern," is as good as anything.

L A VONGEYER (Bombay).—Please see our answer to L A V (Surat) in last week's issue.

W GLEAVE.—Thanks for the information as well as the problem.

D M (Shanklin).—The problem is quite correct, and we trust you will be satisfied with the solution.

A P (Clipping Norton).—You will have to try again. If Black play K takes P, where is mate given?

A DE RIVIER (Paris).—We are pleased to accede to your wishes, and thank you much for your proffered services.

H G (Littleborough).—"Cook's Synopsis" or "Chess Openings: Ancient and Modern."

CORRESPONDENT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2385 received from J W Beatty (Toronto) and J F Lucas (Amiens), of No. 2385 from J W Beatty and T J of No. 2385 from L de H Larpet, Emil Frau (Lyons), M A T (The Hague), F B Broad, Alpha, W E Evill, and H Gwendol, of No. 2385 from Herbert Chown, Carl Kuntze (Gurnsey), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), F S Moss, E Clark (Carmarthen), Naboth, M Mullendorf (Luxembourg), R F N Banks, Paulinelle, W David, F G Rowland (Shrewsbury), J T Pullen (Lancaster), W E Evill, E G Boys, A Goddard, A S (Corsham), and F B Broad.

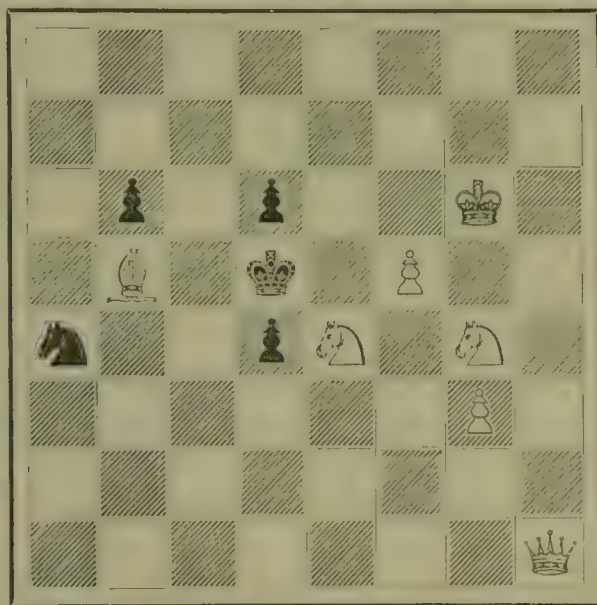
CORRESPONDENT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2381 received from Spec. Alpha, L de H Larpet, E Casella (Paris), L A W, H Gwendol, Julia Short (Exeter), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), R Watters (Canterbury), E J G Pittard, J W E (Lancely), E O Gorman (Dublin), G J Veale, A Newman, E E H, Dawn, Martin F N Harris, C M A B, F G Rowland, Hereford, Columbus, Lieut-Colonel Lorraine, T G Ware, R F N Banks, A W Hamilton Gell, Jupiter Junior, J C Taber (Great Biddow), Shadforth, Brutus, H Beumann (Leipzig), J T Pullen, Mrs W J Bard, Carlisle W Wood, E F Winter Wood, Z Ingold (Frampton), J Marshall, E London, R K L (Ben Rhysdant), B D Knox, P F (Brussels), G A Gellthorpe, Fr Fernando (Dublin), T Roberts, G H Bunting (Swaffham), C E Perugini, Rev Winfield Cooper, E G Boys, Hilda Player, F G Tucker (Pontypool), J D Taylor, A Goddard, H Leach, E Chivers, H B Tallentyre, W Scott, McDonald, G Meuniers (Brussels), R H Brooks, L Desanges, W Dand, Walter Hooper, A Gwinner, Thomas Chown, Fidelitas, H S B (Fairholme), Naboth, W H D Henvey, W R Raillem, Paulinelle, J P de Neven (Jersey), J E Herbert (Ashford), C F B (Dublin), W E Evill, M A S (The Hague), Captain John Armstrong Challice, E D Walrom, Reginald G Stonham, F G Washington (Sidcup), D McCoy (Galway), and Emil Frau.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2389.—By F. HEALEY.

WHITE.
1. Q to Kt 8th
2. Mates.

BLACK.
Any move

PROBLEM No. 2393.
By W. GLEAVE.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN HAVANNAH.

Game played in the match between Messrs. GUNSBURG and TSHIGORIN. (Ray Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	26. Q to K 2nd	Q to K 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	27. Q to K sq	B to B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	28. Q to K 2nd	B to R 5th
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	Every move in this onslaught tells, and White is powerless to parry a stroke.	
5. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd	29. B to Kt sq	P to K R 4th
6. P to B 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd	30. P to R 3rd	P takes P
7. Q Kt to Q 2nd	B to Kt 2nd	31. R P takes P	Q to Kt 4th
8. Kt to B sq	Castles	Threatening to force a win by R takes B P	
9. P to K R 3rd	P to Q 4th	32. K to R 3rd	R (Bsq) to B 2nd
10. Q to K 2nd	P to Q Kt 4th	33. R to B sq	
11. B to B 2nd	P to Q 5th	White's game is a waiting one; nor does it seem to matter how he carries it on. The moving of this R, however, permits Black to make the remarkable combination that follows. B to R sq was the right play.	
Pushing a strong and novel attack. We should have preferred B to Kt 3rd for White's previous move.			
12. P to Kt 4th	Q to Q 3rd	34. K to Kt 2nd	R to K R 2nd
Always a dangerous move. Kt to Kt 3rd or Q Kt to Q 2nd, at once, is a safe line of play.			
13. Kt (Bsq) to Q 2nd	B to K 3rd	35. R to R sq	R takes B P
14. P takes P	Kt takes Q P	36. Q takes R	
15. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt	If he takes with K, he is mated in five moves.	
16. Kt to B 3rd	Q to Kt 5th (ch)	37. K to Kt sq	B to B 7th (ch)
17. K to B sq	Q to Q 3rd	38. K to B sq	Kt to Q 5th
18. P to Kt 3rd	P to B 4th	39. B takes Kt	Q takes R (ch)
Black has played the opening admirably, and has a distinct superiority of position.			
19. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to Q 2nd	40. K to K 2nd	R takes R
20. Kt to Kt 5th	Kt to Kt sq	41. B takes B	Q takes B
21. Kt takes B	P takes Kt	Black's game throughout was good, and the ending is another addition to chess brilliancies.	
22. K to Kt 2nd	R to R 2nd	42. P to Kt 5th	Q to K B 8th (ch)
23. K R to K B sq	Q R to K B 2nd	White resigns.	
24. P to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd		
25. Q to Q 2nd	R to B 5th		
26. Q R to Q sq			
White can do nothing but watch the development of his adversary's attack.			

CHESS IN BERLIN.

Game played at the Café Royal between two strong Amateurs. (Muzio Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	10. B takes P	Kt to K B 3rd
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	11. B to K 5th	B to K 2nd
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	12. Kt to B 3rd	R to B sq
4. B to B 4th	P to Kt 5th	13. Kt to Q 5th	K to Kt sq
5. Castles	P takes Kt	14. Q to Q Kt 3rd	
6. Q takes P	Q to B 3rd	White is irresistible, and we rarely meet with so smart an attack as is now at his command.	
7. P to K 5th	Q takes P	15. Kt takes B	K to R sq
8. B takes P (ch)	K takes B	16. R takes Kt	Q takes Kt
9. P to Q 4th	Q to Kt 2nd	17. R to K B sq	R takes R
The sacrifice of the second piece constitutes the "Double Muzio" introduced by Morphy. If Black plays Q takes P (ch), then 10. B to K 3rd, and Black's only chance is to give up his Queen, as practice usually proves.			
10. B takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	18. R takes R	Q takes Q
11. B to K 5th	B to K 2nd	19. R to B 8th	Mate.

In the City of London Club Tournament of 110 members Mr. Lucien Serrallier has played his game with Mr. Herbert Jacobs, and won it. He is now, therefore, the absolute winner of No. 1 section. The final round of the twelve prize-winners commences on Monday, Feb. 10. This will be an interesting contest, as it will be a battle of victors, every player being the winner of a section.

La Revue des Jeux, a Parisian weekly devoted to games of skill, is holding a problem tourney open to the world. Three prizes are offered for the best sets of original problems, each set to consist of two two-movers and one three-mover. They must be entered under a motto, and be accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name of the composer. The last day on which they can be received is Feb. 28.

The problem tourney of the *Bradford Observer* for three-movers has resulted in Mr. B. G. Laws winning the first and Mr. W. Gleave the second prize.

SKETCHES IN BURMAH.

Purchasing ponies at the Shan Camp in Mandalay is the scene represented in one of our correspondent's Sketches. The Shans bring in their fine sturdy ponies to Mandalay for sale. These ponies are kept in a large enclosure, where also the Shans themselves live, and which is known as the Shan Camp. When a Shan caravan arrives at Mandalay, those in want of ponies visit the camp, and make their purchases through an interpreter. Of course, the ponies are mostly wild and untrained, and strongly object to being ridden. Many amusing scenes occur in the efforts of would-be purchasers to try them. The unaccustomed rider is probably "pipped," or the animal kicks out, playfully scattering the admiring crowd in all directions. At last a pony is selected, but much palaver and haggling must go on before a bargain can be struck; for the Shans, like other Easterns, are great at a bargain. The price of these ponies ranges from 150 to 500 dollars, and even more. The Shan ponies are splendid animals for hard work, especially for hill work. One Sketch shows an officer trying a pony; and the other is that of the bargaining before the purchase is made. The fat Shan, in the centre of this scene, is the "boss" of the camp.

BURMESE WOOD-CARVING.

Sir Charles Crosthwaite, the Chief Commissioner of Burmah, in a speech made at a durbar at Mandalay some time ago, said to the Burmese: "Your architecture is beautiful, I might almost say inimitable; and the skill of your artificers in carving in wood and ivory and in silver work is admired by every traveller."

Wood-carving is carried on, to a certain extent, in most large Burmese towns; but the best is done at Henzada, Mandalay, Moulmein, Pokoko, and a few other places. The implements used by the carvers are very simple, consisting of a few small chisels and gouges; and their workshops are the ground in front of their little huts. It is wonderful what beautiful work they can turn out. The best specimens of this carving are to be found in the ornamentation of the various monasteries, or Phoongye Kyongs, all over the country. Some of the finest work may be seen in the roofs of these buildings, to the decoration of which the utmost skill and ingenuity are applied; and all round the kyong are exquisitely carved figures of men and animals and demons, representing various legends. Occasionally one comes across figures that would upset the moral equanimity of many people. Some of the most beautiful kyongs are those in and around the palace at Mandalay.

Very little, if any, ornamentation is used in their own dwelling-houses by the Burmese. Their big river-boats are often highly ornamented with fine bits of carving on the graceful prows and sterns. The great boat-building centre in Upper Burmah is Pokoko. Here, on the river bank, are always to be seen, in various stages of progress, large numbers of boats in the hands of the workmen, and piles of teak logs in the yards.

Besides wood, the Burmese carve exquisitely in ivory. Some of their finest work in this material is for the handles of dials and daggers. They also turn out excellent work in silver, such as bowls, trays, boxes, cups, and jewellery of tasteful design.

OBITUARY.

LORD JOHN TAYLOUR.

Major-General Lord John Henry Taylour, late of the 94th Foot, died of pneumonia on Feb. 4, at Upper Norwood. His Lordship was born Dec. 12, 1831, the third son of Thomas, second Marquis of Headfort, K.P., by Olivia, his first wife, second daughter of the late Sir John Stevenson, and widow of Mr. Edward Tuite Dalton, and was brother of the present Marquis of Headfort, K.P. He was educated at Sandhurst, and entered the Army in 1849, became Captain in 1855, Major in 1867, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1870, Colonel in 1875, and Major-General in 1886. He retired in 1887. His Lordship married, first, July 12, 1855, Mary Hammond, daughter of Mr. Robert Macfarlane (she died Jan. 14, 1872); and secondly, Sept. 4, 1873, Eliza Winifred Mary, youngest daughter of the late Rev. John Llewellyn, Vicar of Wiveliscombe, Devonshire, and leaves issue by each wife. His youngest daughter by his first marriage, Adelaide Mary, is wife of Captain Uvedale Corbet Singleton, Royal Navy.

SIR E. W. WARD, K.C.M.G.

Major-General Sir Edward Wolstenholme Ward, K.C.M.G., R.E., died at the Villa la Garde, Cannes, on Feb. 5. He was born in 1823, the eldest son of the Hon. John Petty Ward, B.S.C., brother of the second Viscount Bangor. He was Deputy Master of the Royal Mint, Sydney, New South Wales, 1854 to 1867, and of the Royal Mint, Melbourne, 1867 to 1876. In 1874 he was created C.M.G., and in 1879 promoted K.C.M.G. He was member of the Legislative Council, New South Wales, 1860 to 1865. He married, in 1857, Annie, daughter of Mr. Robert Campbell, M.P., New South Wales, and had issue; the eldest daughter, Elinor Erskine, married, in 1883, to Mr. Henry Sheehy Keating, only son of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Keating.

THE REV. CHARLES FULLERTON OF THRYBERGH.

The Rev. Charles Garth Fullerton, M.A., of Thrybergh Park, in the county of York, died on Feb. 5 at his seat near Rotherham. He was born April 26, 1838, and was the second son of the late Mr. John Fullerton of Thrybergh, Yorkshire, and of Brinsworth, Surrey, J.P. and D.L., by Louisa, his wife, fourth daughter of Sir Grey Skipwith, eighth Baronet, of Prestwold, Leicestershire. He was educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1860, and entered holy orders in 1862. From 1863 to 1882 he was Rector of Boothby-Graffoe. He married, Sept. 18, 1862, Catherine Lucy, eldest daughter of the Rev. Arthur Robert Kenney-Herbert, M.A., Rector of Bourton, in the county of Warwick, and had issue three sons and two daughters.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Earl of Shannon, on Feb. 8. His memoir will be given next week.

The Hon. Hugh Nathaniel George Massey, brother and heir presumptive to Eyre, fourth and present Lord Clarina, on Feb. 5, at Elm Park, Limerick, aged fifty-four.

General John Hope Wingfield, at his residence in the Albany, on Feb. 3, aged seventy-eight. General Wingfield was the eldest son of the late Rev. John Wingfield, Prebendary of Worcester and Canon of York.

Lieutenant-Colonel Stephen Henry Smith of Amnesbrook, Meath, late of the 64th Regiment, on Feb. 5, at his residence near Dulceek, aged seventy-seven. He served as High Sheriff of county Meath in 1861.

Lieutenant-General Charles Baring, late of the Coldstream Guards, on Feb. 7, at 36, Wilton-place, at the age of sixty. He was the eldest son of the late Mr. Henry Bingham Baring, M.P., by his first wife, Lady Augusta Brudenell, daughter of the sixth Earl of Cardigan. He entered the Army in 1847, and served in the Crimea, taking part in the battle of the Alma.



BUYING PONIES AT THE SHAN CAMP, MANDALAY.



BURMESE WOOD-CARVERS.

S K E T C H E S I N B U R M A H.

THE GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE, SOMERSET HOUSE.

The connection between the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play and a public department of the English State is, at first sight, as unlikely as between Monmouth and Macedon; but, while the Bavarian fraternity still keeps alive the tradition and customs of the Middle Ages, the English Guild of St. Nicholas, whence spring the Company of Parish Clerks, whose duties are now discharged by the Registrar-General, exists only as the governing body of two sets of almshouses, where decayed parish clerks (in the most modern sense of the term) or their representatives find a refuge in old age. In centuries long gone by, however, the "Parish Clerks" were, perhaps, the only "literate" in many a parish throughout the country. They were ordained priests, who, apparently, not only could read and write, but could play the organ and sing. In the reign of Henry III. they had acquired such notoriety, and attracted so much attention to their church music, that ladies and men of quality applied to be received members of the guild, which speedily lost its exclusively ecclesiastical character. On certain days the guild met together for feasting, and at the same time gave exhibition of their music and singing. A little later we find the Company of Parish Clerks entrusted with the supervision and preparation of the "mysteries" and miracle-plays which here as elsewhere were the forerunners of the drama. In 1409 the members of the guild performed the play of "The Creation of the World," before a numerous assembly at Skinner's Well, near Clerkenwell, after which the spectators adjourned to Smithfield to witness a tournament between the Marshal and gentlemen of Hainault and the Earl of Somerset and a like number of English Knights. This after-piece may have been varied at a later date by the substitution of the burnings of heretics; for we are constantly kept in mind by contemporary chroniclers of the extreme orthodoxy of the

parish clerks, even when engaged in amusing their fellow-men. "In Catholic times they were an important society, and many Ecclesiastics and other persons of the first quality, both male and female, were of the number of their members. They attended all great funerals, at which their office was immediately to precede the hearse, with their surplices hanging on their arms, and singing solemn dirges as they went, all the way till they came to the church door." Even those who have scarcely attained middle life will be able to recall the "official grief" of a number of javelin-men, or attendants, who, in order to swell the undertaker's charges, were accustomed to follow the hearse and walk beside the mourning coaches. They were doubtless a mute survival of the Company of Parish Clerks of former times. As to their duties at funerals, there seems to be no room for question; but it is another matter to decide how far they were able to enforce their other privilege of directing the music employed in public worship. Priests and people in those days must have been far more given to conformity than they have shown themselves in more recent times, if this monopoly of the "singing conscience" of the Church was recognised without protest or demur.

The Reformation, which affected social, municipal, and political life and customs, did not leave "the fraternity of St. Nicholas" unscathed. Its earlier patrons—who were admitted often for services wholly unconnected with music or parish life—nevertheless, threw a certain halo round the society. When, therefore, the custom of keeping parish registers was enjoined upon the local authorities, new use was found for the services of its members. As late as 1560 we find them assembled on certain days (May 27 being the most important) in the chapel at the Guildhall for even-song, and on the following day they were accustomed to go in procession to either the Barbers' Hall or to Carpenters' Hall to dinner, for at that time, thanks to Henry's reforming zeal, they possessed no hall of their own. In the winter of 1562,

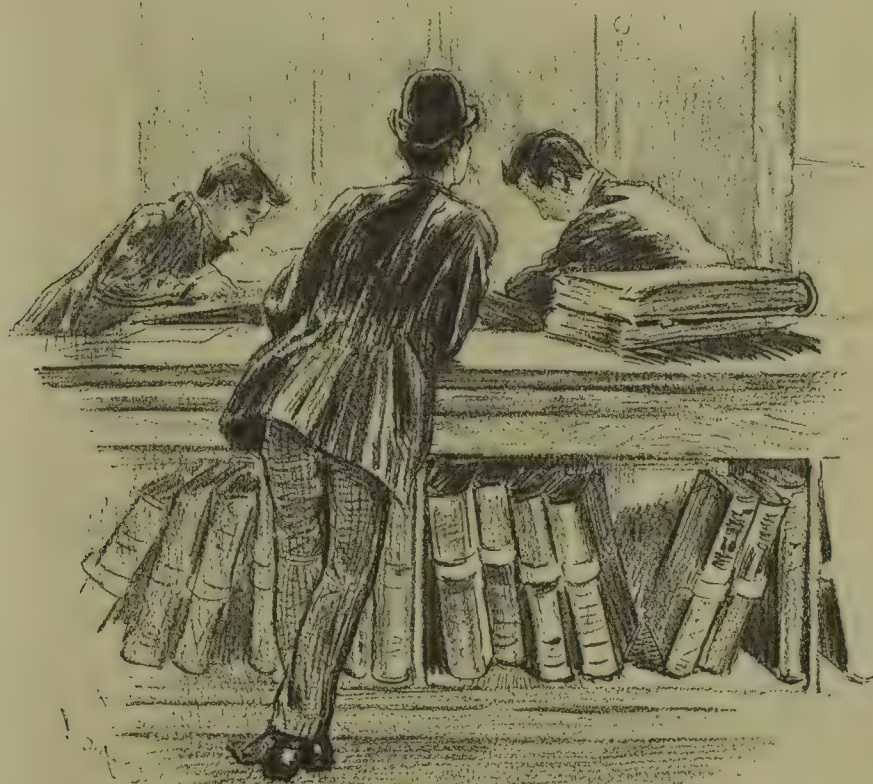
however, they seem to have met for the first time in their new hall, and possibly attended the Westminster play, for we are told that in that year the brotherhood "went thence to see a goodly play of the children of Westminster with waits, regals, and singing."

At what time general registers of baptisms, marriages, and burials came first to be kept in cities and parishes is a moot point. It is thought that some of the monastic houses kept records of important births or deaths happening within their neighbourhood; but, if this were so, no such registers have been handed down of the pre-Reformation period. Henry VIII. was the first English King who took any steps in the matter, and, acting upon the advice of his Chancellor, Cromwell, Earl of Essex, issued orders, in 1538, that the incumbent of every parish should keep a true and exact register of all christenings, weddings, and funerals in his district. What precise object Henry or Cromwell had in view is not now known, and it is difficult to imagine that they were moved by a mere desire



The Widow's Pension.

for statistical returns. In any case, those to whom the order was addressed seem to have paid but little attention to it; for, twenty years later, in 1558, Elizabeth issued a more strongly worded order, ordering the registers to be regularly kept, and complaining of the remissness and carelessness shown in some parishes where the returns were irregularly kept, or "committed only to loose papers, by which means some were lost, others rotted in damp churches, or were devoured by rats and mice." To remedy these evils, the clergy were charged that, from 1559, all registers should be kept in parchment books only, and that all preceding ones, that could be found, should be transferred into new books. This order was more carefully observed than its predecessor, especially in country parishes;



From the Inquiry Office.



The Girl He Left Behind Him.



"What the dickens was the year?"

and it therefore happens that it is not an uncommon thing to find the complete post-Reformation registers of a parish in a perfect state of preservation.

The work, probably because it involved clerical labour, was performed in the country by the clergy; but in London it was left almost exclusively to the parish clerks, who were now released from their earlier functions. The guild, as we have seen, already existed, and the authorities at once took advantage of the existing body to carry out the orders of the Privy Council; and henceforward the parish clerks were called on to devote themselves to something more prosaic than the singing of "waits and regals." Epidemics, which were summarily designated "the plague," were of frequent occurrence in London towards the close of the fifteenth century, breaking out at intervals and increasing in virulence as time went on. In 1592 there had been an exceptionally severe outbreak, and the City authorities thought it expedient to communicate with the Court officials, and with the inhabitants at large, the ebb and flow of the death-rate. It was at this date, therefore, that the Bills of Mortality were first issued, and after some delay it was decided to entrust their preparation to the "Parish Clerks," whose brotherhood had been dissolved, and their hall—"at the sign of the Angel, Bishopsgate"—and property seized. For this purpose the brotherhood was reconstituted, and some of its property restored. This tardy act of justice, however, was not consummated until 1611, when James I., in recognition of their services, granted them a fresh charter of incorporation, by which they were enjoined to make a weekly return of all christenings and burials. They had now established themselves in a more central position in Broad-lane, Vintry, near the north end of Southwark Bridge, and consequently within easy reach of the various parish officials on whom they relied for the necessary information. In 1605 the parishes comprised within their jurisdiction, which furnished data for the Bills of Mortality, were the ninety-seven parishes within the walls of the City of London, sixteen parishes without the walls, and six contiguous out-parishes in Middlesex and Surrey. In 1626 the city of Westminster, with its liberties, was included in the bills, and ten years later the parishes of Islington, Stepney, Newington, Hackney, and Redriff were added; and further additions were made subsequently, although, by a curious decision, the widely extended parishes of St. Pancras and St. Marylebone were never included, they being probably regarded as too wholly "countrified" to take their place among the metropolitan parishes. Meanwhile, the utility of the Bills of Mortality had been more completely recognised, for, in 1625, the Parish Clerks' Company obtained from the Star Chamber the rarely accorded privilege of keeping a printing press of their own. This was set up in their hall, and used solely for printing the bills; and it was ordered that the Master and two Wardens of the Company should each have the keeping of a key of the press-room door.

The means by which the Company obtained its materials seems to us now-a-days somewhat happy-go-lucky. It is set out as follows: "When anyone dies, then, either by tolling or ringing of a bell, or by bespeaking of a grave, the same is known to the searchers corresponding with the said sexton. The searchers hereupon (who are ancient matrons sworn to their office) repair to the place where the dead corpse lies, and by view of the same and by other inquiries they examine by what disease or casualty the corpse died. Hereupon they make their report to the parish clerk, and he, every Tuesday night, carries in an account of all the burials and christenings happening that week, to the clerk of the Parish Clerks' Hall. On Wednesday the general account is made up and printed, and on Thursdays published and disposed to the several families who will pay four shillings per annum for them." Whether it was that people had few forms of literature on which to spend their money in those days, or from any other cause, the Bills of Mortality seemed to have been profitable, for in 1629 what may be called a "cheap edition" was issued, omitting the casualties and causes of death. The more expensive bills, we are told by contemporary writers, were carefully read by persons of fashion who wished to have the details of the latest horrible accident, or a murder or suicide, with which to regale their hosts or fellow-guests on meeting. Here, too, we may trace the origin of our modern newspaper, which until very recently gave great prominence to details of this sort.

As might be expected with "searchers" so little qualified to ascertain the truth, the causes assigned for death are, from a scientific point, wholly useless. It is remarkable, however, to notice with what rapidity improvements were introduced, and accuracy attempted. In 1657, for instance, we find returned among the deaths, 1162 "chrisomes and infants," without any cause of death being assigned. In 1697, the numbers under this heading had fallen to seventy; in 1722, "infants" are omitted altogether, and in 1726 there are only three "chrisomes"—that is, babies round whom was wound a cloth anointed with holy unguent while awaiting baptism—and the term then disappears. The causes of death, however, are not always easy to identify even when stated, for we find such entries as "blasted and planet," "raising the lights," "head-mouldshot," and "horse shocked." Scarlet fever does not seem to have been a recognised cause of death until 1703, when seven fatal cases are recorded, and eight in the following year; but it is possible that it was classed with measles, which probably was more fatal then than at present. The plague to which reference has already been made had carried off 10,400 persons in 1636, from which date it fell gradually until 1640, when the recorded deaths from it were under 400. In the following year it blazed out again, carrying off 3067 persons, declining rapidly until 1648, when it had practically ceased, and never reappears throughout the Commonwealth. This fact is worthy of consideration by the admirers of Cromwell, but whether it can be attributed to the stricter enforcing of quarantine laws, or to more circumspect living, or to improved sanitary conditions, cannot here be discussed. There is no doubt that, almost simultaneously with the Restoration, deaths attributed to the plague reappear in the Bills of Mortality; but in 1664 only six deaths are so ascribed, thus supporting the theory that the pestilence of the following year, which carried off 63,596 persons, was introduced from abroad by Dutch rags or some other infected goods. The plague finally disappears from the Bills in 1679, and since that time has, under that name at least, ceased to be recognised as a cause of death.

The Great Fire of London, it must be said to the honour of the Parish Clerks' Company, only interrupted their weekly publications for a week or two, although their hall and many of their valuable registers were destroyed. They were also possessed of sufficient funds to set about building a new hall in Silver-street, near Cheap-side; which, although it can hardly claim a place among the important buildings of New London, yet presents internally some features of interest, as will be seen from the accompanying Sketch of the principal hall. In proof also of their former connection with the "Fraternity of St. Nicholas," the Company purchased in 1737 an organ, which is now their most interesting heirloom; for the portraits, if we except one of William Roper, the husband of Margaret Roper, Sir Thomas More's daughter, are without much interest or artistic importance. This portrait, however, might with

advantage have been included among those now being exhibited at the Tudor Exhibition, where no likeness of the founder of an important family is to be seen.

As time went on, however, the defects and shortcomings of the existing system pressed themselves upon those minds in which the first ideas of political economy germinated. The Bills of Mortality were in some measure even more defective than the parish registers, for we find that in the middle of the eighteenth century complaint was made that they contained no marriages; and that no return was made of thirty-three burying-places within their limits, nor any notice of the thirty-two places of interment set apart for Dissenters, Jews, foreign Ambassadors, and others. The reason alleged in some cases for this neglect was that these burying-places, being extra-parochial, the parish clerks had no concern with them; but, seeing that they included, among others, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, and the Temple, the omission was serious. Moreover, it must be borne in mind that in no case, either in London or in the country, did the registers include the births and deaths among the rapidly increasing bodies of Protestant Dissenters; while up to 1756 marriage was a mere legal contract: any two people declaring themselves man and wife before witnesses were indubitably married, as remained the law of Scotland until quite recent times.

Notwithstanding, however, the obvious defect of the system, it was allowed to continue; and, even after the establishment of a decennial census in 1801, the objections to placing Dissenters upon an equality with Churchmen were allowed to prevail against any proposed reform. Rickman, who was charged with the duty of making the first census, was forced to resort to numberless expedients, the majority conjectural or empirical, in order to arrive at the results he subsequently published. By this time, however, the importance of vital statistics was becoming evident to others besides students of political economy; and various commissions were appointed to inquire into the whole subject of registration, and finally, in 1836, a Bill was brought into Parliament by Lord John Russell. It was received with general favour, although Mr. Goulbourn formally opposed it on the ground that registration would supersede baptism. Dr. Lushington, who was one of its chief supporters, gave it as the result of his experience that a great improvement had taken place during the previous twenty years in the state of the registers throughout the country. But there had been cases in which sufficient care—he would not use a harsher word—had not been exercised over them to prevent loss and obliteration. When it was remembered that these registers were very often kept not in the church, but at the minister's residence, and that during a vacancy there was no person who had the care of them, the wonder was not that so many, but that so few, were lost or injured. Dr. Lushington also regarded the new system as one of great national importance, and to those who understood anything of the difficulties experienced in tracing pedigrees its advantages were manifest. Up to that time searches after pedigrees were attended with immense delay and expense; persons had to go all over the kingdom to ascertain where such a person was buried; where another was born; and a third married; and in the majority of instances, except when undertaken by or on behalf of the heroes and heroines of novels, these searches were, after all, unsuccessful.

It might be, perhaps, mentioned here that the only person really seriously injured by the passing of the Registration Act was the novel-writer whose plots turn upon missing heirs, doubtful marriages, and concealed deaths. Happily, the novelist, even now, rises superior to the prosaic intentions of an Act of Parliament, and, as has been more than once pointed out by the critic in these columns, men and women are sent careering over the country, spending their last five pounds, and delaying the dénouement of the plot, because they had not sense to consult the well-kept indexes of the Registrar-General, and, by the payment of three shillings and sevenpence, to obtain the certificate by which the villain's plot would be baffled. Writers of fiction who deal with modern life and disputed inheritances should bear in mind the date of the passing of the Registration Act of 1836.

To return, however, to our own story, we may add that in the House of Lords the Bill met with but little opposition, Lord Wynford being the only legal authority of eminence who supported the old system. He stated, moreover, that within his recollection the returns had in some country places been made out by the parish clerks, and not by the clergy. There is, moreover, a further proof that this was the case, for anyone who turns to Cowper's works will find that on several occasions he wrote for the parish clerk of All Saints, Northampton, stanzas which "it was customary for the person in his office to annex to a Bill of Mortality which he published at Christmas." Whether this custom of adding a copy of verses to this somewhat lugubrious Christmas offering was observed in other parishes we are unable to say; but it points to a more important custom which had arisen of summarising the results of the year's burials.

The practical and immediate result of the Registration Act of 1836 was the appointment of a Registrar-General under the Great Seal, clothed with powers to carry out the objects of the Act. The whole of England and Wales was divided into districts, corresponding in general with the Poor Law Unions. These districts were further divided into subdistricts, for each of which was appointed a resident registrar, the district itself, with its several registrars, being in charge of a superintendent registrar, usually the clerk to the Board of Guardians. The registrars are required to inform themselves of and to register every birth and death within their several districts. Copies of these are sent either directly to the Registrar-General or through the superintendent registrar of the district. Every birth must be registered within forty-two days, but under exceptional circumstances, and on the payment of special fees, the time is extended to six months, beyond which time registration is unlawful. Deaths must be registered within five days, and no body can be buried without the production of the registrar's certificate to the officiating minister. Civil marriages—that is, marriages contracted in the Register Office—are forthwith recorded by the registrar of marriages, who always attends for that purpose; the same is the case with marriages in Nonconformist chapels, with certain differences in the case of Jews and Quakers, who have their own special registering officers. Clergymen of the establishment keep registers of all marriages in their churches, and certified copies of all these marriage entries, civil and religious, are sent quarterly to the Registrar-General at Somerset House, where they are indexed and tabulated. Fees are paid to the registrars for these duties, and in return the public desirous of consulting the registers compiled at Somerset House are able to do so on the payment of a fixed fee, and can also obtain official copies, which are received as absolutely legal and conclusive documents. It will thus be seen that the Registrar-General possesses an absolute register, thoroughly indexed, of all the births, deaths, and marriages which have occurred in England and Wales since the beginning of the present reign. In addition, by the help of the death certificates,

in which the cause of death has to be stated by the attendant medical man, or by the coroner in the case of an inquest, a valuable mass of details is brought together for students of nosology, sanitary science, and political economy. In compiling the annual reports of the Registrar-General, the late Dr. Farre opened up the way to a clearer understanding of the science of vital statistics, and the field has been considerably enlarged by his successor, Dr. W. Ogle, who now presides over that branch of the department.

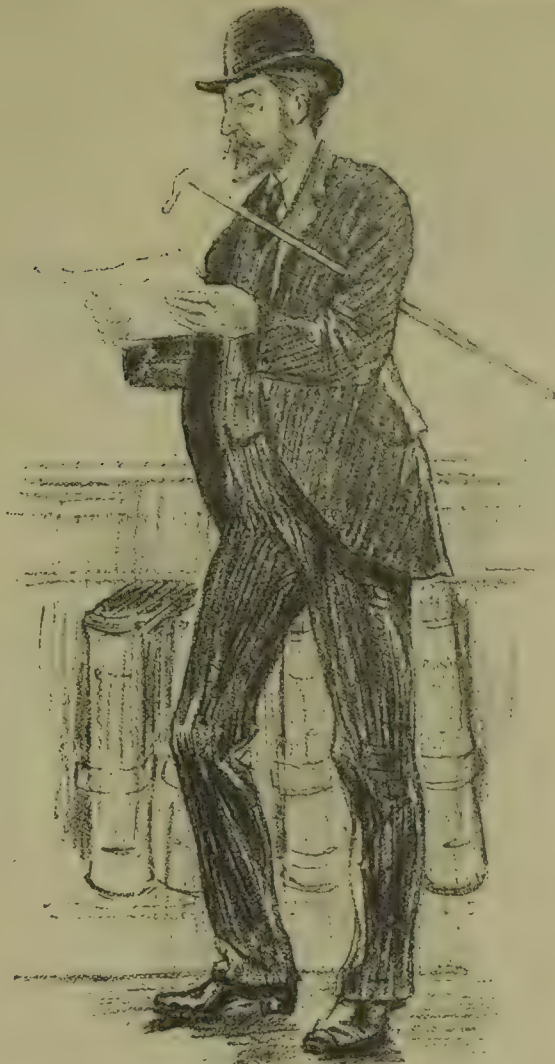
Let us now see where the work is carried on. Under the gable-way of Somerset House are two doorways, one on the right and the other on the left hand on entering. The present building, completed in 1780, after the design of Sir W. Chambers, was originally destined to give accommodation to the Royal Academy, and to the Royal Society and Society of Antiquaries. The richness of ornament scattered over them shows at a glance that these rooms were never intended to be used as public offices; but at the same time it must not be supposed that the whole of the decorations were provided at the public expense. As soon as the Royal Academy moved into their new quarters, they set about embellishing them. The room now assigned to the Registrar-General was originally the President's or Council Room, which was hung round with the diploma pictures. The Library, which has now been divided into two or more rooms, was also on the first floor. The ceiling was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Cipriani—the former taking for subject an allegorical female figure of "Theory," holding a scroll bearing the words, "Theory is the knowledge of what is truly nature"—a motto not altogether inapplicable to the uses to which the rooms are now devoted; but the picture itself was removed by the Royal Academy in 1838. Cipriani filled the four surrounding compartments with personifications of "Faith," "Allegory," "History," and "Nature." The adjoining room has been somewhat altered from its original design, although in the rich mouldings, the finely carved marble mantelpiece, and the beautiful brasswork on the doors some of its beauties can still be traced. This was the cast or model room, or antique academy as it was sometimes called; but it is not the scene of Zoffany's well-known and often engraved picture of the original members of the Royal Academy and others—thirty-six portraits in all—painted in 1774. These are represented in the life school of the Academy, when it occupied the room of the Society of Arts in the Adelphi, previous to the installation in Somerset House. It was here, however, that Sir Joshua Reynolds lay in state for two days previous to his interment in St. Paul's Cathedral, when his body was followed by a procession of which the leaders had reached the Cathedral before the last mourners had left Somerset House. The Lecture Room, which adjoins this, retains more of the old decoration. The ceiling is painted in compartments; four of which, representing the "Four Elements," are by Benjamin West. The four heads, now somewhat blurred and faded, are those of ancient artists, painted by Biaggio Rebecca, an Associate who never reached the full honours of the Academy. More interesting in every respect are the four pieces by Angelica Kauffman, representing "Genius," "Design," "Composition," and "Painting," which are still preserved here, as well as West's designs. Upstairs, under the dome, was the exhibition room, now filled with the most prosaic-looking presses, desks, and cupboards, and where a small army of clerks is occupied in bringing into order the chaotic heaps of returns which arrive from the country registrars every Monday morning. The aspect of this room is well known from the two engravings by Ramberg; one giving the room as it appeared on the "private view" day of 1780, and the other the same ceremony in 1787. In the former, George III. occupies the prominent place, and is being duly shown round by the President, Sir Joshua. In the latter, the Prince of Wales is the centre of attraction; and in both the portraits of the most prominent artists and art patrons of the day can be traced. One of those engravings, which gives not only an admirable idea of the old exhibition gallery, but of the pictures hung on the walls, has been reproduced in this Journal.

The meeting room of the Royal Society, which has now been divided into the Library and the Superintendent's, is also a magnificent room, decorated by a richly embossed ceiling, designed by Sir W. Chambers. It was here that the successive Presidents of the Royal Society gave their conversazione, among whom may be named Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Wollaston, Sir Humphry Davy, and others. The Royal Society occupied these rooms until 1857, when they gave over their rooms to the Royal Society of Antiquaries for a while—both learned bodies migrating eventually to Burlington House—whither also came the Royal Academy, which had removed from Somerset House in 1838—to make way for the Registrar-General—after a sojourn of twenty years in Trafalgar-square.

In view of the very recent date of the registers kept at Somerset House, the searches there made, although numerous, do not offer those materials for dramatic portraiture which abound in the Probate Office. The majority of the applicants are either the wives and widows of seamen who require the documents necessary to prove their claims to their husbands' wages or pensions; or solicitors' clerks who have to procure evidence as to the age or status of legates, and to complete the formalities required by the Bank of England for the transfer of funds. Now and then, of course, there will appear claimants in unsettled lawsuits, whose object is to prove their own legitimacy, or the weak point in their opponents' case; and, as a matter of course, there appear from time to time disappointed litigants of the type of "Miss Flight," who are possessed with the belief that something is being kept back from them which is the corner-stone of their claim. Fifty years, however, are not long enough to invest many cases with a veil of mystery, or to allow disputed successions to acquire the flavour of romance. Now and again, a young woman who has found herself deserted, will apply for "her marriage lines"; or a needy adventurer will seek for evidence of the death of those from whom he has expectations. In the main, however, the business of searching is left to experts, and the application for certificates is marked by very prosaic surroundings. That the Registrar-General's office does, however, fulfil a very important want is proved by the fact that upwards of £5000 is received annually for search-fees and certificates—the greater portion of which, under the old system, would have been paid to the clergy of the parishes where the births, marriages, or deaths occurred. In times to come, no doubt, the antiquarian as well as the legal importance of the present system will be more apparent; but one trembles to think of what space will be required for the storing of the details of the domestic life of our thirty millions, not one of whom can enter or quit life or take the most important step in it without a record being made for future use and reference. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that some of our older registers do not find their permanent home at this central office. Many of the Dissenting bodies have already recognised its use, and have set a good example in confiding to the Registrar-General the care of their registers, which extend over many years; and there seems no reason for continuing to expose to the dangers of fire, tempest, and other ills those valuable documents which are still stored away in the vestries of our parish churches.



An Amateur Casual.



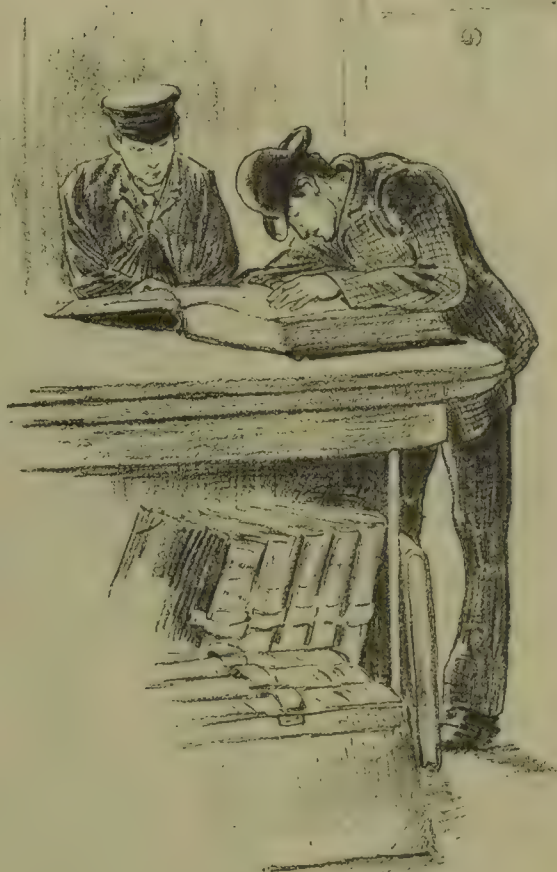
The Missing Link.



"What's to pay?"



Waiting for her "Marriage Lines."



On the Scent.



The Old Maid's Claim.



Buffed.

SKETCHES
AT THE
GENERAL REGISTER
OFFICE,
SOMERSET HOUSE.



The Parish Clerks' Hall.

"Drawingrooms" (I mean the Queen's reception of the Court) were conducted, at one time, very differently from at present. Queen Charlotte and her predecessors were, in fact, "At Home" on regular days at frequent intervals, and everybody who had once secured presentation to the Sovereign went when they liked, without further formality. No sending in the name to the Lord Chamberlain, or anything of that sort, was required. Any lady might go; but she had to encounter the personal gaze of the Sovereign, and what would have happened to any unauthorised person who ventured in is doubtless too terrible to have been recorded. The Tower and its dungeons might be open for high treason; and Royal memories for faces, carefully cultivated from the earliest age, are very remarkable. It is recorded that, at Queen Charlotte's Drawingrooms (which were, I believe, fortnightly events), only about a hundred ladies attended each time. They did not pass before the throne and bow, and then straightway go home, but the Queen, followed by her daughters and suite, walked round all the rooms where the guests stood, acknowledging each one, and stopping to speak a few words to many favoured individuals.

This is still what happens when Queen Victoria receives guests at her private parties, such as those (neighbouring clergy, naval officers stationed at Portsmouth, and so on) who have been invited to witness the recent Royal *tableaux vivants* at Osborne. The guests are in the drawing-room after dinner, and her Majesty walks round and addresses each in turn. It must be no light task to find something to say to each; at least, most of us would find it so. But it is said that practice has made her Majesty perfect; she always has some "small coin" of gracious speech to address to those who are strangers to her, while, of course, to many guests she really has something to say. I knew a man who had the honour, in an official capacity, of being in the Royal circle, though the Queen did not really know him at all, and what her Majesty said to him was: "Do you know the island [of Wight] well? You should see the other side of it. How terrible the storms have been!" These were three separate observations, duly replied to, then the Royal hostess passed on. Queen Charlotte had to find such observations for a hundred people once a fortnight. The growth of democracy has put an end to any possibility of such "open house." Hundreds of women go to Court now whose ancestresses in the same rank would no more have dreamed of doing so than of asking the hand of a Princess in marriage for the family heir. Hence, the increasing crowd has reduced Drawingrooms to rapidly passing before Royalty and writing your name in the Queen's visiting-book a day or two afterwards.

But when the Royal Court was conducted on those lines, the Civic Court of the Lord Mayor's wife imitated that of the King's wife, and in the City the old fashion still continues. The Lady Mayoress, during certain months, holds fortnightly afternoons, to which anybody who has the entrée of the Mansion House goes without further invitation. The Lady Mayoress does not personally recognise half her callers, but she bows to them all graciously according to her lights, and says a civil word, and gives them good music in the drawing-room, and tea in the corridor, served by the most gorgeously appparelled of footmen in chocolate plush and gold, and powdered heads. Plenty of flowers decorate the noble apartments, and altogether the civic "Drawingroom" is very pretty and amusing. The guest's name and address

are written in a mighty volume that lies in the Hall. The present Lady Mayoress held her first reception on Feb. 4. The latest sensation in the way of violin-players, the Hungarian M. Tivadar Nachez, performed splendidly, accompanied by Mr. Raphael Roche. Madame Zoe Cyrill was the pianist, and there were several singers. The Lady Mayoress wore a trained dress of dark-grey velvet, with panels of lighter grey cloth handsomely embroidered.

Another loss from the world of a gracious, generous, noble-minded woman has to be recorded. Mrs. Margaret Bright-Lucas, the sister of the late John Bright, who died on Feb. 4, at the age of seventy-one, was one of the lovely old school of Quakeresses. Her face was not regularly beautiful, perhaps; but its expression of moral elevation, calm, and dignity, all which was not incompatible with a pervading air of bright good-humour, was most lovely and attractive. Many who know elderly ladies of the "Friends'" community will recognise at once the expression that I mean—the calm, even *holy* look, combined nevertheless with an obvious acuteness of mind and keen interest in passing events. It has always struck me as rarely beautiful; and one sees it very generally in Quakeresses, and comparatively seldom in other aged women. It can only be ascribed, I think, to the fact that from their very origin the "Friends" have recognised the equality of the sexes. An equal right to preach and minister when the gift was possessed, an equal education to develop all mental powers, an equal (though separate) share in the deliberations of the governing body of the sect—full equality in every respect, indeed, has always been the portion of the women of the Friends. And how noble and beautiful has been the general result! Why should it not be likewise with all women?

My departed dear friend Mrs. Lucas would forgive me for drawing this moral from her memory, I know; for she was one of the earliest and most sincere workers in the cause of the enfranchisement of women. She was an ardent temperance worker, also, and was for years the president of the British Women's Temperance Association. She was "worthy" vice-Grand Templar of England," at one time, in that vast temperance organisation, Good Templary, which has copied the methods of Freemasonry to some extent, and so made great headway among the working classes. Mrs. Lucas was specially interested in it, because it admitted women to all offices; and the Good Templars were very proud to have her in the second highest office of their united "Lodges." She never made a set speech in public till she was not far from sixty years of age, when I succeeded in persuading her to do so. Though she was the sister of a man whom many thought the greatest orator of his time, she doubted her own platform powers greatly; and, indeed, beginning too late, she was not a ready though she was a dignified and *influencing* speaker. But I said to her, "Dear Mrs. Lucas, it hardly matters how you speak; only let the meeting *look* at you—it will be worth more than most people's speeches for women's suffrage"; and, considering how prevalent was then the delusion that women's suffrage advocates were all gaunt Gorgons, and remembering her holy brow with its crown of snow-white hair and her ever-smiling, lovable, motherly lips, by contrast with that (now defunct) ugly ideal, I am sure that merely to see her on a platform was to certain folk "a liberal education." Mrs. Lucas was the widow of Samuel Lucas, once editor of a London morning paper.

Christmas cards are a most unattractive form of art; but as the demand for them continues, and as there are thousands of artists who find it difficult to sell a large

picture, and yet need money, it is clear that the Christmas-card business—supply and demand thus both provided for—will continue to flourish. There is an immense exhibition of designs for Christmas cards now open at the Royal Institute. It contains 2500 samples. It is appalling to learn that there really were 20,000 competitors for the five hundred guineas offered as "prizes" in this competition; but this makes it the more interesting that the great majority of the higher prizes have been carried off by girls—Sir John Millais and three other distinguished artists being the judges. Five out of six of the largest sums awarded for "the best designs" in the various classes have gone to women.

One remarkable novelty in evening-dress fashions is declaring itself : long sleeves are going to be worn with low-cut bodices. The curious effect of this is very well shown in Mars's excellent plates of the latest fashions in Paris, which appear in the *Lady's Pictorial* of Feb. 8, and the previous week. The dress depicted in the number of that journal for Feb. 8 is particularly good : it represents the Comtesse de Sinal in a ball gown of pale-grey peau de soie, cut half low at the neck, with a sort of berthe of folds of the stuff, held together in the centre with sequins ; the sleeves are wrinkled on a tight lining halfway from shoulder to elbow, then comes a plain piece of sleeve, then another wrinkled portion below the elbow. I have seen one or two such gowns among the novelties still guarded by London dressmakers for favoured customers.

FLORENCE FENWICK MILLER.

Mr. T. Case, Waynflete Professor of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, has been elected to a Fellowship at Magdalen College, Oxford; and the Rev. H. R. Bramley has been elected to a Fellowship in the same society without endowment.

At Lambeth Palace Sir W. Phillimore continued, on Feb. 7, his arguments in defence of the Bishop of Lincoln. As to the use of lighted candles at the altar, he said that lights were in use at the time of the first Prayer Book. With regard to the mixed chalice, he contended that the mixing of water with the wine was lawful. He dwelt at length on the matter of the Eastward position, upon which he submitted the rubric was intentionally left vague. Before his arguments on this point were finished the Court adjourned to the 20th.

At the annual meeting of the Geologists' Association, on Feb. 7, at University College, Mr. T. V. Holmes gave his presidential address on the "Nature of the Geological Record," urging that the great continental masses and ocean areas had been mainly the same since the earliest period of geological history, subject to consecutive periods of elevations and depressions, and he adduced evidence in support of these conclusions from the organic remains preserved in the strata of the British Isles, Madagascar, and St. Helena.

After a delay of nearly five years the committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund have received their firman granting permission to excavate at and about a site previously named by the committee and approved by the Porte. It is understood that all objects, except duplicates, found in the course of the excavations shall be forwarded to the museum at Constantinople, but that the committee's agents shall have the right of making squeezes, sketches, models, photographs, and copies of all such objects. The committee have secured the services of Mr. Flinders Petrie, who will proceed to Syria on completion of his present work in the Fayoum. The committee will make a special collection for funds to carry out the work.

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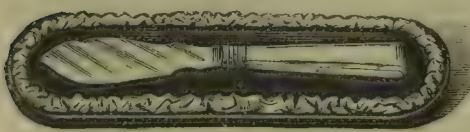
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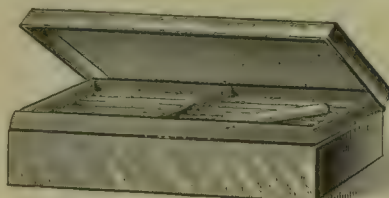
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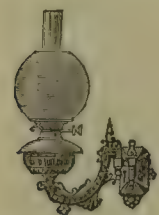
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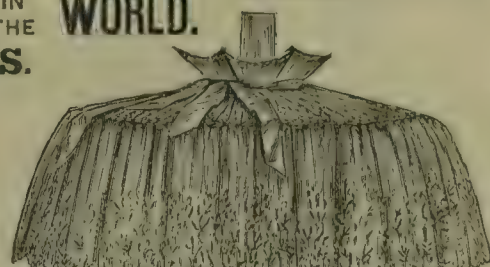
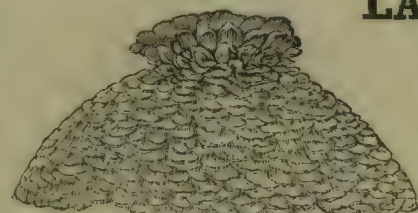
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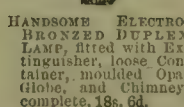
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FOREIGN NEWS.

A considerable sensation was created in Paris on Feb. 7. The Duc d'Orleans, son of the Comte de Paris, having attained his majority, presented himself to the military authorities in Paris, and claimed his right—in spite of the decree of exile against the Orleanist Princes—to serve in the French Army. His request was refused, and he was afterwards arrested—residence in France being forbidden by the law of June 22, 1886, to the chiefs of ex-reigning families of France and to their direct heirs. The penalty for the infringement of this law is imprisonment ranging from two to five years, and followed by expulsion. In conformity with the law, the Duke was, on the 8th, taken before the Paris Correctional Tribunal, and thereupon applied for an adjournment, that he might instruct counsel to appear for him. The application was granted. (We give a Portrait of the Duc d'Orleans on another page.) M. Cazenove de Pradine proposed a Bill in the Chamber, on the 10th, to abolish the Expulsion Law of 1886; but his motion was defeated by 328 votes to 171.

Cardinal Giuseppe Pecci, elder brother of the Pope, died on Feb. 8, at Rome, of pneumonia, from which he had been for some days suffering. He was in his eighty-third year.—The Pope, in order to testify his gratitude towards the Shah of Persia for the benevolence shown by him to the Catholic missions, has conferred upon his Majesty the Grand Cordon of the Order of Pius the Ninth.

The German Emperor entertained at luncheon, on Feb. 6, Major Liebert, previous to his leaving for German East Africa, to assist Major Wissman, for three months. On the 9th the Emperor lunched with the officers of the First Foot Guards, in memory of the day on which he first did duty as one of their body. The Empress Frederick went to Potsdam on the 10th to see how the portrait of her late husband, which she had presented to the officers of the First Foot Guards, had been hung. She then inspected the Mausoleum, which is being built by Professor Raschdorf, and ornamented by Professor Ewald. Her Majesty afterwards drove to the Emperor Frederick's home at Bornstadt, and returned to Berlin in the evening.

The Emperor Francis Joseph left Vienna on Feb. 6, for Pesth, where the Empress and her daughter, the Archduchess Valerie, will join his Majesty.—The newly elected Burgomaster of Vienna, Dr. Prix, gave his first official reception in the

evening in the splendid Great Hall of the Rathaus, which was brilliantly illuminated with electricity.

The Russian Minister of Finance has received an Imperial Ukase, authorising him to conclude a Four per Cent Gold Loan to the amount of ninety millions of roubles.

News of the Sioux reserve having been proclaimed open for settlement created the wildest excitement at Pierre and Chamberlain, in South Dakota. The settlers immediately made a rush to secure the land, which comprises 9,000,000 acres. Houses are already being erected. The aid of the military was required to prevent the "boomers" from seizing the choicest lands.—Mr. John Mackey Sutherland, who claimed to be the rightful Duke of Sutherland, has died in Minnesota, aged seventy years.—One half of the mining town of Burke, Idaho, has been destroyed by immense avalanches of snow, which brought down with them great masses of rock. The town is in a gulch, and the inhabitants, foreseeing the danger to which they were exposed, owing to the exceptionally heavy snowfall during the last few weeks, fled from their homes in time.—The elections in Salt Lake City held on Feb. 10 resulted in the defeat of the Mormons.

A largely attended public meeting was held in the Bombay Townhall on Feb. 7, at which a resolution was passed declaring that it was desirable to organise a public reception for Prince Albert Victor on his return to Bombay from his tour. The gift of one lac, or, in other words, 100,000 rupees, towards the founding of a leper hospital at Bombay by the Hon. Sir Dinshaw Manockjee Petit is the latest of those benefactions which have made the Parsee community of Western India famous throughout the world. This is not the first occasion on which Sir Dinshaw Manockjee Petit has exhibited a noble munificence. During the last twenty-five years Sir Dinshaw has dispensed large sums in public and private charity, principally the latter, and the amount of these benefactions is stated on reliable authority to exceed £200,000. One of the most notable of his latest gifts was to present the freehold of the land on which the Victoria Jubilee Technical Institute has been erected.

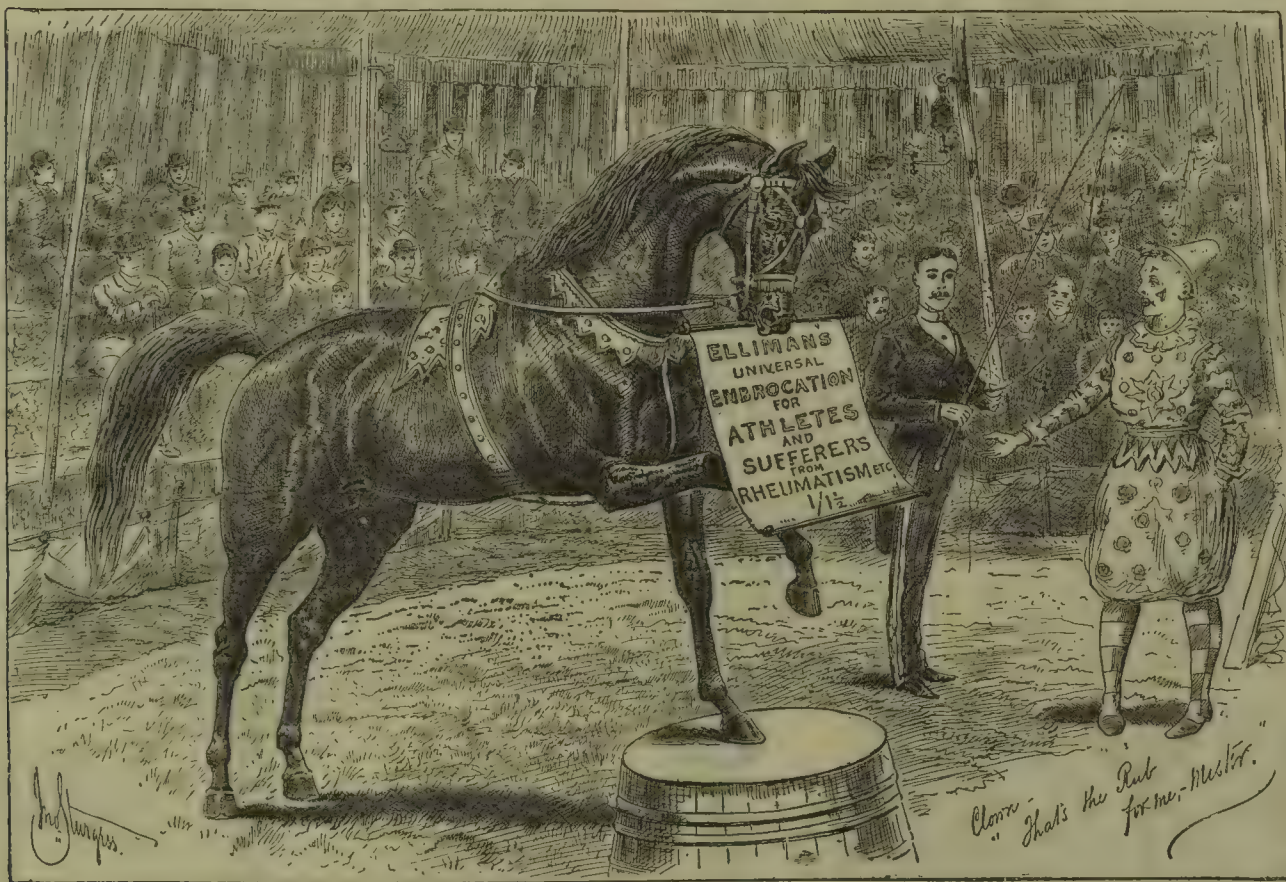
Representatives of the Australian Colonies met at Melbourne on Feb. 6, to consider a scheme of Australasian Federation and Federal Defence. Mr. Duncan Gillies, Premier of Victoria, was elected President of the Conference. In the evening Mr.

Gillies gave a banquet to the delegates; and Sir Henry Parkes, representing New South Wales, responded to the toast of "A United Australia," remarking that their union under one Government implied no separation from the Empire. They must have a political head, and they could have none better than the Sovereign whose reign had witnessed so many benefits to mankind.

Mr. Herbert H. Murray, C.B., is to be Chairman of the Board of Customs, Mr. Horace A. D. Seymour to be Deputy Chairman, and Mr. Lewis W. Engelbach, C.B., to be a Commissioner of Customs.

The historic "Chapel on the Bridge," erected at Wakefield to commemorate a battle between the armies of York and Lancaster during the Wars of the Roses, has been formally reopened by the Bishop of Wakefield after restoration. The bridge itself is a fine specimen of masonry of the age of Edward III.

On Saturday, Feb. 8, the steam-yacht Victoria, commanded by Captain R. D. Lunham, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, left Tilbury Dock, with a large number of passengers, for a pleasure-cruise of fifty-eight days in the Mediterranean. They will visit, with the aid of Messrs. Cook for inland tours, Gibraltar, Naples, Alexandria and Cairo, Jaffa and Jerusalem, Beyrout and Damascus, Scala Nuova (for the ruins of Ephesus), Constantinople, Mudania (for Broussa, in Asia Minor), the Piræus and Athens, Nauplia (for Tiryns and Mycenæ), and, on the homeward voyage, Malta, Algiers, and Tangiers, to arrive home on April 7; and those who stay in England, to endure our chilly spring weather, may wish to be of the party enjoying the view of such interesting places in the sunny Southern climate. The Victoria, as noted in our account of former prolonged marine excursions, is an excellent sea-boat, with a speed of 14½ knots an hour, carrying no mails or cargo, and therefore liable to no delays; comfortably and elegantly fitted up, with good cabins, fore-and-aft berths—none over others; saloon and ladies' room, handsomely panelled with coloured marbles; large general drawing-room, piano, library, and smoking-room; in short, a first-rate floating hotel, with electric light and electric bells. There is a medical officer on board. This steam-yacht will make another trip, to Italy, Sicily, and Algiers, about the last week of April.



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The will (dated Feb. 20, 1886), with a codicil (dated Oct. 30 following), of Mr. Frederick William Cosens, late of 7, Melbury-road, Kensington, and of "The Shellies," Lewes, Sussex, who died on Dec. 10, was proved on Feb. 3 by Francis William Cosens, Frederick George Cosens, Philip John Cosens, and Charles Henry Cosens, the sons, and FitzHenry Tayler, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £203,000. The testator bequeaths £20,000 to his son, Charles Henry; £15,000 each to his daughters, Mrs. Fanny Sarah Ross and Mrs. Florence Rainbow; £15,000, upon trust, for his granddaughter, Frederica Sabrina Hirsch; numerous specific gifts of old plate and works of art to his children; and legacies to relatives, friends, clerks, porters, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his three sons, Francis William, Frederick George, and Philip John, in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 18, 1888), with two codicils (dated Jan. 28 and Aug. 29, 1889), of Mr. William Henry Barry, late of 7, Birch-lane, stockbroker, and of 23, Westbourne-terrace, who died on Jan. 15, was proved on Jan. 29 by Horace Barry, the brother, and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £119,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his sister, Eleanor Emma Barry, and £5000 upon trust for her, for life, and then for the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond-street; £9000 to his brother Charles John, and £1000 to each of his children; £50 to King's College, London, for the library; £25 to King's School, Canterbury, for the library; £500 to King's College Hospital; £5000 to the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond-street, for the building fund; and numerous legacies to relatives, friends, clerks, and servants. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, so long as the chapel in connection with the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond-street, is under the control or charge of the Vicar or Rector of St. George the Martyr, and the services of the Church of England are exclusively used, to pay £100 per annum to the said Vicar or Rector, £25 per annum towards the repairs of the said chapel, and the remainder of the income of his said residuary estate to the said hospital. Should these conditions be broken, there is a gift over of such residue to his brother Charles John Barry.

The will (dated April 12, 1886) of Mr. John Marsland Bennett, formerly Mayor of Manchester, late of Buile Hill, Pendleton, Lancashire, who died on Oct. 19 last, at Charing-cross Hospital, was proved on Jan. 21 at the Manchester District Registry by John Armitage Bennett and Marsland Armitage Bennett, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal

estate amounting to upwards of £55,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture, plate, pictures, effects, horses and carriages to his wife, Mrs. Mary Bowers Bennett. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life or widowhood, she maintaining his children under twenty-five. On her death or marriage again he gives a large number of houses and chief rents, upon trust, for his daughters, Mary Armitage Bennett and Elizabeth Armitage Bennett, and the ultimate residue of his property to his six sons in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 31, 1874), with a codicil (dated April 22, 1886), of Mr. Charles Noyce Kernot, M.D., formerly of Calcutta, and late of Bishnauth House, West Brighton, who died on Sept. 5 last, was proved on Jan. 31 by Charles Kernot Butt and Mrs. Addaline Lætitia Frances Kersey Kernot, the widow, and acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £53,000. The testator bequeaths £200 and the furniture and effects at his residence to his wife; an annuity of £300 to his sister, Jane Anne Newman; an annuity of £100 to his brother, William Pearce Kernot; £1000 each to his goddaughter, Clara Louisa Kernot Butt, and Francis Charles Butt; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 31, 1888) of Miss Emma Anne Churchill, late of Colliton House, Dorchester, who died on Dec. 28 last, was proved on Jan. 30 by Captain Orford Churchill, R.N., and George Onslow Churchill, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £51,000. The testatrix bequeaths £200 to the Dorset County Hospital; legacies ranging from £4000 to £1000 each to nephews and nieces; and legacies to servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her nephews, Orford Churchill and George Onslow Churchill.

The will (dated March 31, 1880), with two codicils (dated Aug. 11, 1880, and March 12, 1889), of Mr. Henry Norris, J.P., D.L., late of Swalcliffe Park, near Banbury, Oxfordshire, who died on Oct. 19 last, was proved on Jan. 27 by Henry Crawley Norris and George Hugh Norris, the sons, Richard Du Cane, William Gatty, and John Charles Salt, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £45,000. The testator bequeaths certain plate to his wife, Mrs. Eleanor Norris; £10,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Ellen Henrietta, Annie Henrietta, and Mary Elizabeth; and he makes up the fortune of his daughter Mrs. Albinia Georgiana Powell, with what she will receive under settlement, to £10,000. His freehold property at Blackfriars he gives to his son George Hugh;

and his freehold property at Hackney, his leasehold estate, Swalcliffe Park, and the residue of his real and personal estate to his eldest son, Henry Crawley.

The will (dated Feb. 3, 1887) of Mr. Edmund Bick Bradley, formerly of St. Margaret's, Guildford, and late of 14, Salisbury-road, West Brighton, who died on Dec. 22 last, was proved on Jan. 22 by Lieutenant-Colonel John Donaldson Bradley, the son, Richard Henn Collins, Q.C., and Augustus Sillem, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £20,000. The testator leaves his maltings, with the fixtures, his lands, tenements, and hereditaments at Brentwood, Essex, certain shares, and £4000, to his said son; £2000, upon trust, for his daughter Margaret Alice Collins, for life, and then for his granddaughter Margaret Alice Collins; £6000 to his said daughter; £2000 to his daughter Helen Jane Cullington; and bequests to his executors, grandson, sister, and others. The residue of his property he gives to his said three children.

The will and five codicils of Mr. Charles Hood, late of 10, Leinster-gardens, Hyde Park, who died on Dec. 10 last, was proved on Jan. 17 by Henry John Hood, the greatnephew, and Henry Harper Rothamley, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £13,000. The testator gives considerable legacies to relatives and others, and leaves the residue of his property to his trustees, to divide among such hospitals, schools, and such other charitable and philanthropic institutions, and in such proportions, as they, in their discretion, shall determine. He directs that his real and personal estate shall be marshalled in favour of the charities, so that the primary fund for the payment of the other legacies shall be the proceeds of the sale of his real estate.

An announcement having appeared in some of the London papers to the effect that the personal estate of the late Robert Adolphus Cockburn, of the firm of Oates and Cockburn, of 75, Old Broad-street, and of the Stock Exchange, in the City of London, was sworn to be of the value of £11,510 only, we have been requested to state that the personal estate has now been re-sworn to be of the value of £55,423.

The State apartments of Windsor Castle are closed until further orders.

Mr. Alderman Eccleston Gibb has been unanimously elected Chairman of the London Standing Joint Committee of Magistrates and County Councillors, in succession to Sir William Henry Wyatt.

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The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that sugar, pink or chemically coloured sherbet, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or whisky largely diluted with soda-water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"; therefore no family should ever be without it.

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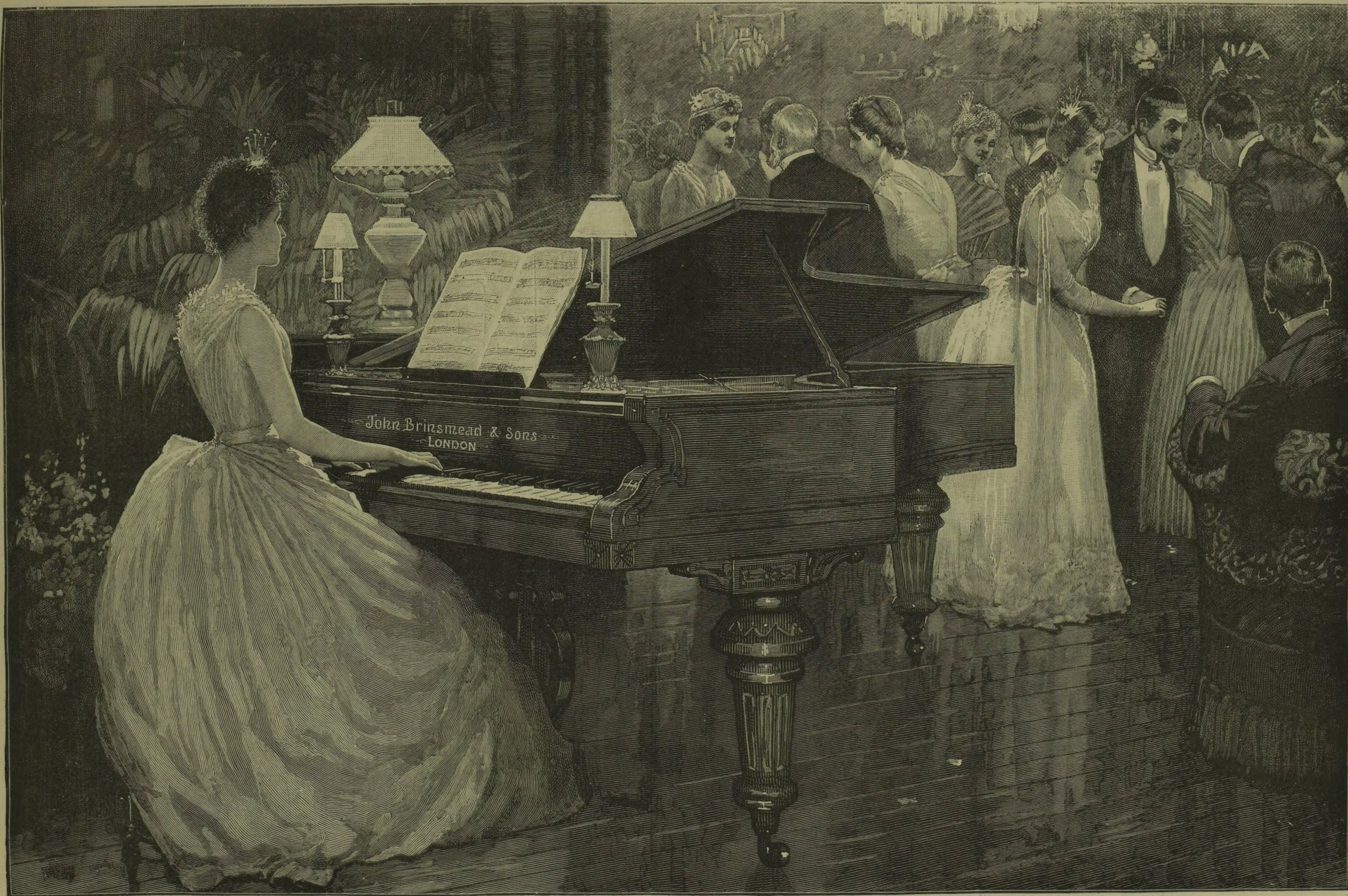
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MY BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

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THE COURT.

The Queen is in good health. On Feb. 5 her Majesty, with Princess Beatrice, drove to Ryde House, and honoured General Sir Henry and Lady Daly by their presence at the baptism of their infant son, her Majesty standing as sponsor, and the child receiving the names of Victor Alexander Henry. The Rev. Canon Prothero, M.A., Private Chaplain to her Majesty at Osborne, officiated. Prince Henry of Battenberg, who is a sponsor, was represented on the occasion by Sir John Cowell, Lady Cowell, Mrs. Prothero, and Dr. Day, of Ryde, were honoured with invitations to be present at the ceremony, which was performed at Ryde House, in order to save Sir Henry from fatigue after his recent illness. The Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, Chancellor of the Exchequer, arrived at Osborne on the 7th, and had an audience of the Queen, and dined with her Majesty. General Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Ponsonby had the honour of being invited. The Queen held a Council on the 8th, at which were present Viscount Cranbrook (Lord President of the Council), the Lord Chancellor, Lord Arthur Hill, and Sir James Fergusson, Bart. The terms of the Queen's Speech on the occasion of the opening of Parliament were considered. Sir John Lubbock, Bart., and Sir John Gorst, Q.C., were sworn in members of the Privy Council. Subsequently her Majesty conferred the honour of knighthood on Mr. Charles Lennox Peel, Mr. Raylton Dixon, Mr. Robert Palmer Harding, and Mr. Thomas Sowler. Princess Beatrice was present. On Sunday morning, the 9th, her Majesty and the Princess, and the members of the household, attended Divine service, the Rev. Canon Edgar Jacob, M.A., Vicar of Portsea and Honorary Chaplain to the Queen, officiating. The 10th was the fiftieth anniversary of

the marriage of her Majesty to Prince Albert, Duke of Saxony and Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, who died on Dec. 14, 1861. Prince Henry of Battenberg came home from Malta in the P. and O. Company's steamer Carthage, which arrived at Plymouth in the morning. His Royal Highness landed in the Port Admiral's steam-launch, which was sent out to meet him, and proceeded to Osborne, where he was met, on landing at Trinity Pier, by Princess Beatrice.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud and the ladies and gentlemen of the household attended Divine service at the church of St. Mary Magdalene, Sandringham, on Sunday morning, Feb. 9. The Rev. F. A. J. Hervey, Rector of Sandringham, and domestic chaplain to the Prince, officiated. On the 10th the Prince and Princess, with Princesses Victoria and Maud and Prince Waldemar of Denmark, who is on a visit to their Royal Highnesses, travelled from Sandringham to Marlborough House; and in the evening the Prince and Princess, Prince George, and suite witnessed, for the second time, the performance of "A Man's Shadow" at the Haymarket Theatre. The Prince was present at the debate in the House of Lords on the 11th. Prince Waldemar of Denmark, attended by Colonel Clarke, was likewise present. Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, and the Duke of Fife visited the Prince and Princess, and remained to luncheon. Prince George of Wales has commenced his course of advanced gunnery studies on board the Excellent at Portsmouth.

In presence of a large and distinguished company of residents of the district, Countess Cadogan laid the memorial-stone of the new Central Free Library for Chelsea, situated in Manresa-road, on Feb. 8. The freehold site is the gift of Earl

Cadogan, who has also given a valuable piece of land adjoining, on which is to be built the South-west Polytechnic Institute. His Lordship has, in addition, made a grant to the library of £350 for the purchase of technical books. The new building will cost about £10,000, and includes a general reading-room for 220 readers, a boys' reading-room, a ladies' reading-room, a lending library with shelving for 30,000 volumes, a reference library with space for 50,000 volumes, and a room for quiet study.

Sir Alfred Baring Garrod, M.D., F.R.S., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, has been appointed one of her Majesty's Physicians Extraordinary; and Sir Dyce Duckworth, M.D., has been appointed an Honorary Physician to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Brockwell Park, Herne Hill, has been virtually secured for the people of London. The area of seventy-eight acres has cost, with expenses, £122,050, towards which amount the County Council agrees to contribute £61,000; the Charity Commissioners, £25,000; the Lambeth Vestry, £20,000; the Camberwell Vestry, £6,000; the Newington Vestry, £5,000. As soon as the scheme receives the sanction of Parliament, this pretty breathing space and playground will be thrown open.

According to the Report of the Registrar-General, the health of London has considerably improved during the month of February, the death-rate having further declined in the week ending Feb. 8. There were thirty-eight deaths from influenza, being only half the number in the preceding week, and fewer than had been registered for a month. The mortality from diseases of the respiratory organs has fallen considerably below the average. On the other hand, there was a slight increase in the deaths from scarlet-fever.

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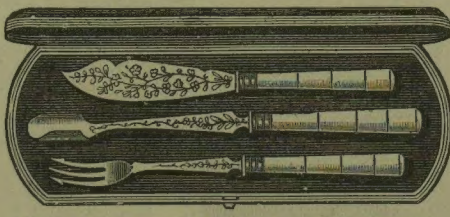
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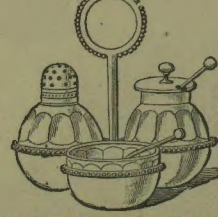
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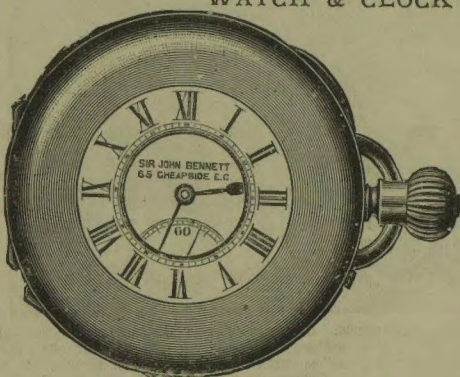
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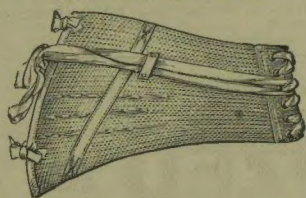
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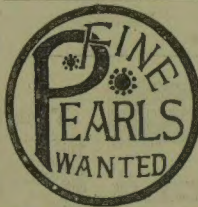
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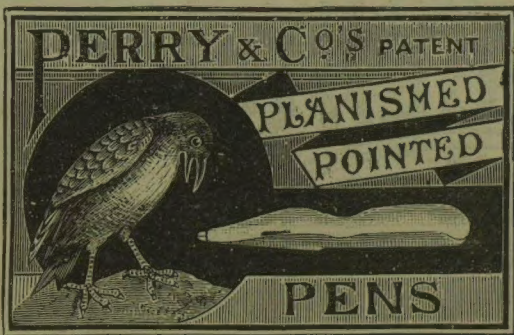
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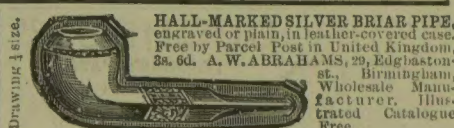
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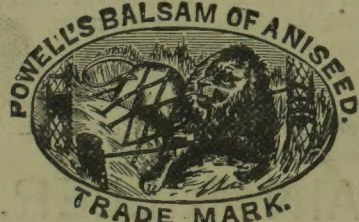
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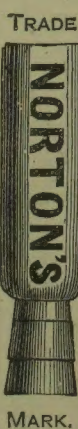
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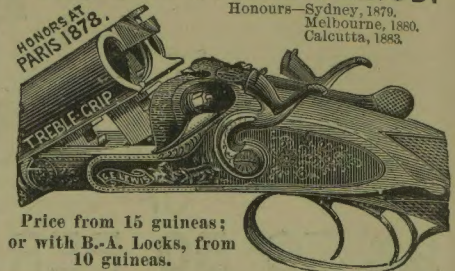
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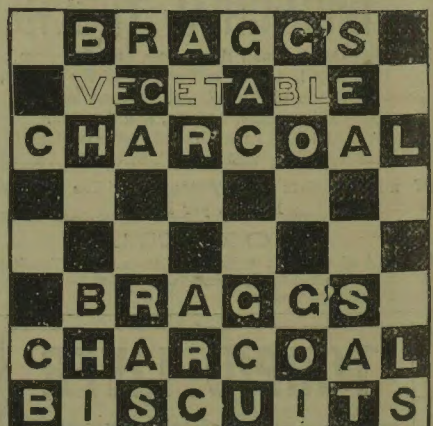
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